THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLIV. No. 1119 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	173
WHO ARE THE CONSPIRATORS?	175
FIVE YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE	176
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	177
UNFAIR. By Sagittarius	178
THIS ENGLAND	178
PLANES WITHOUT BOMBS. By Ian Mikardo	178
BEHIND BARS. By C. H. Rolph	179
THREE WISE LADIES OF TAOS. By Hilde Spiel	180
MERRY ENGLAND. By Maxine Perces	182
LONDON "BACKS." By G. W. Stonier	182
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Provençal Song. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	183
Radio Notes. By Naomi Lewis	183
The Movies. By William Whitebait	184
CORRESPONDENCE	184
From Fenner Brockway, M.P.; George Jeger, M.P.; L. M. Prince; Stephen Swingler, M.P.; Edgar P. Young; Lady Violet Bonham Carter; Rev. Michael Scott; Betty Ambatielos; T. F. Dowden; Hugh Scrutton; E. A. Entwisle; Tai Solarin.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Kingsley Martin	187
REVIEWS:	Page
The Middle Stretch. By G. S. Fraser	188
Teacher's Debate. By T. J. O. Hickey	188
How Peron Rules. By Norman MacKenzie	190
No Frustrate Masterpiece. By John Bryson	190
A New Look at the G.O.M. By Asa Briggs	191
New Novels. By George D. Painter	191
SHORTER REVIEWS	192
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	193
CHESS. By Assiac	194
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	194

New Deal in Egypt?

FOR the first time since 1945 Providence has smiled on the British in the Middle East. After seven years, during which bad advice and bad luck have conspired to undermine our position, an opportunity has been presented in Egypt to make a new start in our relations with the Arab world. General Neguib may prove the kind of gift from heaven which Foreign Secretaries dream of but seldom get.

The danger is that the opportunity will be missed because its nature will be misunderstood. The handful of officers who set off the explosion which blew Farouk to Capri are not a political organisation determined to carry out a Kemalite national revolution. If Egypt is moving towards military dictatorship, no one is more surprised than General Neguib—except perhaps the American and British ambassadors, who staunchly supported the King until the very last moment. The second stage of the Egyptian revolution was as unpredicted and unpredictable as the first stage, the Cairo riots after the massacre of Ismailia. Indeed the peculiarity of Egypt is that it displays all of Lenin's preconditions for a revolution, and yet is devoid of either a revolutionary mass movement or of conscious revolutionary leadership. General Neguib and his colleagues may be driven to create a modern Egypt; but if they do, the cause will lie more in their stars than in themselves. Their first object was merely to prevent the King interfering in army affairs. Already they have been compelled to get rid of him and to announce a revolutionary land reform. They began by welcoming the support of both the Wafd and the Moslem Brotherhood: now they are relying on the Brotherhood to help destroy the Wafd. So far from leading, they are just keeping their heads above water as they swim on the inchoate revolutionary wave which is battering against an effete social structure.

The first essential for a sound British policy is that the Government should sincerely welcome this chance of change. We used to depend for the maintenance of our position in Suez on the corruption and cowardice of Egypt's rulers. It was highly convenient that they could be treated as "wogs." Are Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden prepared to accept a new Egypt—even if it should involve drastic social reform? Are they ready to encourage a genuine national revolution, even if it demands that Egyptians should be treated with the respect we have shown the Turks ever since Kemal stood up to Lloyd George?

We can only hope that the answer is "Yes." A weak, corrupt Egypt may have been a convenience to British imperialism in the past. To-day it could be even more dangerous than a weak, corrupt Persia. If Mr. Eden tries to seduce General Neguib and make him the stooge of Anglo-American strategy, we shall either compel him to turn his arms against us or cause his overthrow by the extremists of the Moslem Brotherhood. Instead of working out blueprints for Middle Eastern defence we should first seek the political settlement without which these blueprints are mere intellectual exercises. It was perhaps not unreasonable that we should refuse to evacuate Suez at the behest of politicians whose nationalism was merely a cloak to conceal their corruption. But the withdrawal of British troops must remain a minimum demand of any Egyptian patriot concerned to give his countrymen a New Deal. Nothing would strengthen the chances of that New Deal more than an announcement from Downing Street that, if the General will take over the peacetime defence of Suez and repudiate Farouk's threats of a second round against Israel, we are ready to seek a new peacetime base and permit the regime in Egypt to work out its own destiny.

The Wages Crisis

The decision of the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions to postpone the question of a strike ballot until a special conference on September 10, and meanwhile to ascertain definitely whether the employers still decline, as they did last month, to make any counter-offer on the wages claim, was a tactically sound move, which reconciled the viewpoints of moderates and militants. Many of the Right-wing leaders are known to take the view that the unqualified demand for an all-round increase of £2 per week was extravagant. Indeed, though a substantial increase of wages to offset rising living

costs is amply justified in the case of lower-paid time-workers, there are classes of engineers in whose case an addition of 40s. a week to existing earnings has no justification whatever. The hope of the moderates, therefore, is that the employers, warned by the degree of militancy displayed by the rank and file in the unions, will make an offer leading to a compromise settlement. If, on the other hand, the employers repeat their flat rejection of the £2 claim—and there is evidence that employers generally are in a much less accommodating mood than they have been during recent years—the militants will be in a much stronger position on September 10 to press for strike action.

Thus the crisis in the engineering and shipbuilding industry is no more than postponed; and the grave situation with which the Trades Union Congress at Margate will have to deal is not confined to engineering. There are also the rejected demands of the miners and railwaymen, while the results so far of the rehearing by wages councils of the awards referred back by the Ministry of Labour have been a reiteration of the original awards in the workers' favour. Congress will have to make up its mind broadly whether to urge a policy of "restraint," at the risk of courting unofficial strikes, bans on overtime and "go-slows," or to give at least tacit approval to the pressing of claims, even with threats of official strike action, by its constituent unions. The situation is complicated by the fact that, in so far as there may be said to be a division on political lines in the industrial side of the Labour movement, the cleavage is between Right-wingers and Communists. Congress is now having to pay the price for Mr. Ernest Bevin's dominance over it: the "rebels" are "disloyal" because non-Communist opposition was so effectively suppressed.

Cost of Living

Delegates at Margate are unlikely to be impressed by the conditional assurances of more stable living costs given in the "Bulletin for Industry" issued by the Treasury this week. The "Bulletin" admits that, between January and June, retail food prices rose by 9 per cent., that further increases in subsidised food prices are due in the autumn, and that the prices of imported foodstuffs are still rising, although more gradually than a year ago. The forecast of greater "stability" is based on the fact that the wholesale prices of industrial raw materials have fallen substantially from the post-Korea peak. If there are no increases in labour costs, it is argued, the benefits of these reductions should percolate to some extent to the consumer. This is indeed happening in the case of textiles and, for that matter, in motor cars; but the Treasury warns consumers that lower prices for some manufactured goods may be partly offset by a rise in transport fares and electricity charges. Moreover, the lower-paid trade unionists, to whom the price of new motor cars is of little interest, will find difficulty in accepting the Treasury's view that the reductions which may be expected in retail prices of manufactures affect anything like 60 per cent. of their normal expenditure. Working-class households living on the minimum spend at least two-thirds of their income on food, lighting, fares and rent.

Miners' Bus Fares

Press reports and comments on the dispute about bus fares in the South Wales coalfield have tended to depict the miners as refusing unreasonably to shoulder the burden of higher transport costs, while they themselves are pressing wage claims which are bound to react on the general cost of living. This, however, is not the issue, as the miners see it. Miners no longer live, as in old days, "on top of the colliery"; in many coalfields they now travel considerable distances to work. In some cases the N.C.B. runs special bus services, and on these "subsidised" routes it has been the custom to keep maximum charges within the limit of five shillings a week—the Board meeting the excess. In South Wales, most miners travel to the pit by means of ordinary public transport, and when the latest increases in fares, coupled with the abolition of workmen's tickets, recently came into force, many miners suddenly found themselves paying far more than five shillings a week, while those travelling on the N.C.B. routes continued to pay no more than before. This discrimination has naturally caused resentment; and the solution proposed by the N.U.M. is that the N.C.B. should pay the excess over five shillings per week in fares incurred by *all* miners. This would certainly be cheaper than the losses likely to be caused by disputes in the pits.

Australia and America

The immediate result of the Honolulu military talks is that American warships and aircraft will again use their war-time naval base of Manus Island. This is the strategic *quid pro quo* which America has given for Australian support in the rearmament and economic rehabilitation of Japan which follows from the Japanese peace treaty. Others are likely to be given in the new military organisation set up at Honolulu. For, the more America helps Japan to become a military power and the biggest industrial country in the Pacific, the greater must be her military commitments to Australia, which fears Japanese aggression almost as much as the Americans fear Chinese expansion in Asia. Thus one by one the bases used by MacArthur to defeat Japan are being brought to the service of an operational plan which is an insurance against a Japan that may be too strong or too independent, but which is primarily directed against Peking. That the British Commonwealth of Nations, as such, has not been consulted, and that Australia and New Zealand have chosen to act alone with the United States is a reflection of the "new power nucleus in the Pacific" as the *New York Times* describes it. More bluntly, the *Herald Tribune* suggests that the assumption in Honolulu was that any further aggressive move by Russia or a Soviet satellite would "profoundly alter the tempo of organisation of the Pacific area." Where do India and the countries of South-East Asia stand in this? We must expect a reiteration that they are not parties to this strategic planning, but are firmly attached to the policy of neutrality.

Mossadeq's Dilemma

Although Dr. Mossadeq has succeeded in securing from the Majlis, and now from the Senate, the power to enact legislation without parliamentary consent, his position is by no means as secure as this dictatorial authority might suggest. A dictator can act dictatorially only so long as he maintains control of the army, the police force and the civil service. Mossadeq's dilemma is that his control has never been effective or secure. He is in a sense in pawn to both the Tudeh and to Kashani. Both have powerful machines, widely influential in the public service: both will support him on oil: both see advantages in backing his anti-British policy. But there the common interest ends. Mossadeq has shown before now surprising agility in political manoeuvre, but he cannot go far without affronting one side or the other. It is too easily forgotten in the hubbub of the oil dispute that the essential problems of Persia are much the same as of other Middle East countries; and if Mossadeq is to secure any permanent popular support he must set about drastic social and administrative reforms. National bankruptcy makes this task both more difficult and more urgent. It is significant therefore than fifty-two members of the Majlis have this week tabled a motion calling on the Government to increase by fifteen per cent. the peasants' share of the crops. This is the sort of issue on which Mossadeq will have to make the choice which may determine events in Persia. Radical land reform—against the interests of his own friends—may be a hazardous policy for him to set his hand to; but it is probably his only hope of forestalling a Tudeh revolution.

Syngman Rhee's Election

The shameful farce that passed for a presidential election in South Korea has ended, as arranged, in triumph for Dr. Rhee. It is as ludicrous for him to pretend that he was chosen against his will as it is for General Mark Clark to acclaim his "inspiring" victory. The law under which the election was held was passed by the Korean Assembly under duress, after the arrest and intimidation of members of the dissenting majority, and after Syngman Rhee's ruthless contempt even for the forms of law had led to stinging protests from the U.N. Powers concerned with Korea. Syngman Rhee, whose record is black with violence and political chicanery, had effective control of all the election machinery and of the enormous police and para-military forces which were used to ensure that South Koreans understood how to vote. Nothing was omitted from the catalogue of fraud and pressure to ensure the intended result—not even an alleged Communist plot within the Assembly to seize power and assassinate Syngman Rhee.

In all the unhappy history of Korea in the last two years, there have been few more disgraceful episodes than this election. If the United Nations had taken steps to see that it had been reasonable and fair, under the present difficult conditions, they might have done something towards making peace possible in Korea one day, as well as providing a much-needed demonstration that they meant business when they talked of Korean democracy. But all it has done in the event is to bring further discredit upon the South Korean regime, and upon those Powers, regrettably including this country, which countenanced the fraud.

WASHINGTON

The Negro Vote

A Correspondent writes: Both parties are worried about the Negro vote. The Republicans at first made no serious bid for Negro support in the North, because they hoped that Eisenhower would get sufficient backing from Dixiecrats and States Righters to break the Democrats' traditional hold on the South. But now that this hope has been dimmed by the restoration of Democratic unity at Chicago, and by the choice of Alabama's Senator Sparkman as nominee for Vice-President, the Republicans have begun to change their line. Although their official platform only promised Federal laws "to further just and equitable treatment" in the employment of Negroes, some prominent "Ikemen" have declared for a Fair Employment Practices Commission with "adequate" powers of enforcement, and Eisenhower spokesmen are letting it be known that the General may personally favour a "compulsory" F.E.P.C., which is what the Negro community and its liberal friends most want.

Though, in an effort to straddle the party split, the Democrats were less forthright than was their 1948 platform, they did go further than the Republicans in promising "Federal legislation effectively to secure" equal employment conditions, and Governor Stevenson has a fairly good record in this respect. The price of party unity, however, was high enough to make the liberals feel uneasy about the concessions to the South, and to make some Negro leaders—notably Harlem's Congressman Adam Clayton Powell—talk of "boycotting" both parties.

The threat of a boycott worries the party leaders less than the fear that the Negro vote may shift substantially one way or another. Victory in this election will almost certainly depend upon fairly narrow majorities in a few key States of the North, and if Negroes did choose to vote as a disciplined block, they would undoubtedly hold the balance of power. In eighteen States, the difference between the parties in 1948 was 5 per cent. or less. In eleven of those States, the Negro vote exceeded the majority of the party which carried the State. New York, California and Ohio, for instance, together cast over one hundred electoral votes—and only 266 are needed to elect a President—yet in these States the total Negro vote exceeds the winning party's majority last time by seven, fifteen and eighteen times respectively.

There is, of course, no evidence that the Negro vote can be organised effectively for one side or another. Both Negro and labour leaders are bound to insist that they can "deliver" their supporters, and thus exert a certain pressure on worried party managers. But there is nothing like the coherence in the voting behaviour of either group that is sometimes claimed on its behalf. In the last twenty years, the New and Fair Deals have won the allegiance of a majority of Negroes and urban labour. In 1932, for example, Roosevelt received less than thirty per cent. of the Negro vote in Chicago. In 1948, Truman won more than seventy per cent. of it. It will be hard for the Republicans to break this voting habit. Even if the effort to heal the party split makes Stevenson seem something less of a civil rights champion than his predecessor, it is probable that most of the Negroes, labour and liberal voters, will give him the benefit of the doubt, rather than take the wider risks involved in a Republican triumph. And there is still time, as the campaign develops, for him to make up the ground lost by the compromises of Chicago. Indeed, a shift to the Left may be as obvious a move for Stevenson to make as Eisenhower's conciliation of the Taft wing.

PARIS

Is America Losing Interest?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Europe seems in a state of complete confusion, and perhaps only the U.S. Presidential Election will clear matters up. "How can we defend ourselves if we are to rely chiefly on imported armaments, and can't build up our own armaments industries, and so give the E.D.C. some kind of long-term basis?" said M. Pleven, the Minister of Defence, in his speech at Lorient last week, when he protested against the delay in the payment of the $400 millions of "off-shore" credits that France had been hoping to get after the Lisbon Agreement. Were 25,000 armaments workers, he asked, to be thrown out of work? As long as the U.S. was helping Europe only on the basis of annual grants, always at the mercy of U.S. domestic politics, how could any coherent rearmament programme be carried out?

The Pleven speech produced a good number of ironical comments to the effect that if, at Lisbon, the U.S. was still urging Western Europe to rearm "beyond endurance," it was Europe which —through M. Pleven—was now reminding the U.S. of the need for "greater coherence" and of the danger of Soviet aggression. This warning, paradoxically enough, goes hand-in-hand with an increasing reluctance shown by Britain, Belgium and Holland to "bust" themselves in their efforts to rearm, and with France's own hesitations on what to do about next year's Budget, including the ruinous expenditure on Indo-China. There is also the question of Germany. With France not being helped to develop her own armaments industries, is she to ratify German rearmament, which would also mean giving German armaments production superiority over French? The very narrow majority by which German rearmament was approved in the House of Commons is likely to increase the resistance of the French Assembly to the ratification of the Bonn Agreements, and may also have some effect on the French Socialists, two-thirds of whom favoured ratification at their recent Congress at Montrouge.

Meantime the French are finding themselves in an increasingly awkward spot in Tunisia, where the Bey has set up a sort of unofficial, but fairly representative, "parliament." A letter just received from a Tunisian friend tells me that "the Bey has managed to make himself enormously popular with the people; for the first time not we, but the French will have to ask for concessions." He adds: "We don't want the French to go; but now is perhaps their last chance to stay." French conservatives, for their part, anticipating American support for Tunisia at U.N., are speaking of "treachery," of "American economic imperialism" and of France "quitting U.N." Reports received in Paris also suggest that trouble over Morocco may start at any moment—also in connection with the coming U.N. Assembly. The Sultan's expected meeting with General Guillaume, the Resident-General, appears to have been caused by the Sultan's desire to protest against France's handling of the Moroccan case at The Hague, where her representative spoke "in the name of Morocco" but at no stage consulted the Moroccans themselves. He is also said to have protested against the French delay in answering his memorandum of March 15 proposing a number of far-reaching reforms. If, he is reported to have said, the French were going to resort to delaying tactics, he wouldn't have it. He would publish his memorandum, and U.N. could then judge whether Morocco was being reasonable or not.

Who Are the Conspirators?

THE Labour Party's interim statement of home policy, published this week, is the unanimous pronouncement of the Party Executive. It includes agreed formulations of the Party's attitude towards the arms programme, towards public ownership in industry and towards the restoration of a free health service. It follows closely after a similar statement on foreign policy, also unanimous, which affirmed, among other things, the Party's opposition to the early rearmament of West Germany. At the level of the National Executive—and in very general phrases—it is thus possible for Mr. Bevan and Mr. Morrison to speak with a single voice.

There is, of course, a very considerable difference of approach and emphasis between the Right and the Left. Mr. Bevan and Mr. Morrison may both agree, for instance, that "wherever the public interest requires" the denationalised sectors of transport and steel must be "restored to public ownership": there is still plenty of room for future arguments about what the public interest does require and what is the most suitable form of public ownership. A free health service "at the earliest opportunity" may be an aspiration which all can share: when the time comes to choose that opportunity, there may be more than one opinion on its practicability. Mr. Dalton and Mr. Morrison may agree that immediate ratification of the Bonn Agreements is wrong: they will not necessarily see eye to eye about the prior conditions, constantly changing, which could make that action right.

That these differences of opinion should exist is inevitable in a political party with a mass membership. The significance of the two policy statements is that they represent an effort to find agreement. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevan are admitting, in effect, that a progressive party must operate on the highest level of agreement that can be achieved at any given moment; that controversy within the party may be a sign of virility, provided there is a common assumption of basic objectives and provided successive landmarks of agreement are duly recorded, so that legitimate controversy does not degenerate into sordid personal animosity. In other words, the National Executive, by its unanimous endorsement of these documents, is recognising that for the Labour Party to achieve power it must have a Left and a Right wing and that party policy must be born of a coalition of ideas.

The two policy statements, tentative and unprecise though they necessarily are (the coalition of ideas is nowhere near forged yet), are nevertheless reassuring and realistic as far as they go. They take account of the facts; they postulate, at some points with a notable firmness, a set of objectives which make a reasonable target for the next Labour Government and are accepted by the whole of the party leadership. It is now up to the Party itself to examine these objectives and to face, coolly but with conviction, the exacting task of sharpening their outlines and filling in the details. The National Executive, meanwhile, after a year of contro-

versy, can take some credit for the fact that it is in a position to present a unanimous interim report to the Morecambe Conference.

Not so Mr. George Brown, M.P., or his collaborators in the anti-Bevan vendetta of the week-end speeches. At a moment when Labour seems in a better position than at any time since 1950 to face the facts constructively, they have reached a new low-water mark of personal vindictiveness. Mr. Brown's political ideas would not, in the ordinary way, attract very much attention outside his own limited circle. But in this case, wittingly or not, he is the spokesman of a group. Recalling, no doubt, the part he played at Southport in the expulsion of Stafford Cripps from the Party in 1939, and his activity in the 1947 moves to depose Mr. Attlee from the Premiership, the anti-Socialist press is, for its own purposes, giving his words widespread publicity. It is regrettable that the *Daily Herald* should be doing the same. For Mr. Brown's choice of language indicates that he does not feel comfortable as a member of the same party as Mr. Bevan and those who have supported him. Such phrases used in public as "splenetic furies" and "a small group whose attachment to the ordinary ideas of democratic processes and of loyalty to their colleagues seems to be so thin," are not the language of accommodation and they are not easily forgiven. Moreover, this is language which has not been provoked from the Left. Considering the stresses of the last few months, the Bevanites have lapsed on remarkably few public occasions from the courtesies of debate. This calculated restraint is a prerequisite of party unity.

The fact is that two campaigns are being waged side by side; and it is important to distinguish them. In the first place, Labour is divided on the central Bevanite controversies over the arms programme and a bi-partisan foreign policy. These issues have been accepted by the Party as matters of grave concern and they have been debated seriously in most Labour circles. Gradually over the past year, moderate opinion has swung some way towards the Bevanite view. It was under Mr. Dalton's leadership, for example, that an overwhelming majority of the Parliamentary Party, including the Bevanites but excluding, we presume, Mr. Brown's group, decided, as the National Executive had already decided, to oppose German rearmament. It was Mr. Marquand, pressed indeed by the Bevanites, but applauded by all but a few in the Party, who announced Labour's intention of restoring a free health service. It is particularly striking that Mr. Shinwell, Defence Minister at the time of the Bevanite resignations and always reputed to be an advocate of the "Morrisonian" foreign policy, now urges with wide popular support the reduction by 25 per cent. of the period of national service—and so, inevitably, the liquidation of some of our military commitments. Is he too "a splenetic fury" or lacking "the ordinary ideas of loyalty"?

No doubt Mr. Morrison, Mr. Gaitskell, and to a lesser extent Mr. Attlee himself, regret some recent decisions. But they are the outcome of debate: the minority opinion of last year is becoming the majority opinion of to-day. A few extremists on both sides have said some silly and vindictive things. But neither Mr. Morrison nor Mr. Gaitskell, neither Mr. Bevan nor Mr. Wilson, in campaigning with complete propriety for their own point of view or their own election to the leadership, has overlooked the fact that in the end both wings will have to work together.

But alongside this legitimate and important debate another struggle is taking place. Under the guise of supporting the established leadership, a Right-wing group, small but very vocal, is seeking not to find an accommodation but to drive the Left out of the Party. These people believe, no doubt sincerely, that the militant views of Mr. Bevan and his followers are a menace, equally dangerous to the established hierarchy of trade union officialdom and to the support of the "liberal" vote which is prepared to concede everything to Socialists except Socialism. Their objective seems to be to isolate Mr. Bevan from his growing support, to secure his exclusion from any position of power, and, if possible (only five months ago it nearly came off) to force his expulsion from the Party. This is far from the objectives of any of Labour's responsible leaders, who understand very clearly that the most extreme views on either side must concede something to the essential electoral need of party unity. It is further still from the mood of the rank-and-file, most of whom have made up their minds one way or the other about the merits of the Bevanite case and are ready to record their verdict at Morecambe. That done, they desire the opportunity to work together in a united party exploring the shortest routes to the second stage of Socialism.

The activities of this anti-Bevan cabal, as manifested in their recent speeches, make a mockery of this aspiration. They are an affront to the feelings of most Labour Party members and to the dignity of debate. They are designed to wound rather than to heal, to divide rather than to unite. They are an admission that those who indulge in them cannot or dare not oppose "Bevanism" in debate. By smearing Mr. Bevan personally and by hurling accusations of disloyalty and conspiracy against his supporters they seek to distract the attention of the Party from the issues of policy. This is the oldest refuge in the world for the bankrupt politician.

Five Years of Independence

THIS week India and Pakistan celebrate the fifth anniversary of the day when the British recognised their independence and ended the occupation of the Indian sub-continent. It happens too that next week Indonesia is celebrating a similar, but double event—the seventh anniversary of the foundation of the Republic as well as the second anniversary of the Unitary State, which was only consolidated after the two foolish and costly "police actions" by which the Dutch tried to regain power. The essential fact in both cases is that Asian nationalism won its way (as it did also in Burma and Ceylon) without a violent Communist revolution such as proved necessary in China, or a terrible war such as the French are still fighting in Indo-China.

In each country where political independence was declared, democracy, which the West had always declared unworkable in Asia, has made great strides. In India, the Princes, indispensable for British rule, proved no more than a nuisance to be easily swept aside by the new National Government. The Indian elections showed that 170 million voters, even though the majority could neither read nor write, were awake to political issues and able to judge for themselves where in broad terms their interests lay. This demonstration of growing political maturity is naturally accompanied by an attack on mass illiteracy, and a similar, even more vigorous, educational campaign is now being carried through in Indonesia. In both countries political consciousness increases side by side with a lively cultural renaissance.

Political awakening, however, is only the first stage; it is the means by which the social and economic revolution may be achieved with the minimum of loss through violence. And here, change is far too slow. The promised schemes of irrigation; the development of light and heavy industry; the drilling of tube wells and other community plans are only now, after frustrating delays, getting properly under way. In Delhi laws have also been passed to free the land, but in many parts of India they have not yet affected the peasants' life and do not in any case deal with the problem of work for the landless peasant in a grossly over-populated country. The British Sahib has disappeared from the Indian village, but in most provinces the Indian peasant still scratches the earth on a starvation diet in order that the zamindar shall enjoy the comforts of Western civilisation. Similarly, in Indonesia, the Dutch official has returned to Holland, but the rubber-tapper in Borneo, like the rice cultivator in Bali, complains of the official wheels that grind so slowly in Djakarta. In both countries the delays which result from the democratic effort to treat minorities fairly and to avoid founding new Republics on bitterness provoke comparisons with the impressive speed with which the Chinese Revolution has given the land to the peasant and the small farmer, and put in hand vast schemes of transport and industrial development.

It is still an open question whether the social revolution in South-East Asia will be completed democratically or by Stalinist methods. It is unwise to assume, for instance, because Communism won victories in the Indian elections, that therefore India must quickly go the Chinese way. The comparison leaves out of account the large measure of unity achieved in India, and the considerable body of trained civil servants and business executives, as well as a national army, left behind in India when the British withdrew. It forgets that, though there is serious graft in some branches of Indian public life, the Government, unlike the preposterously corrupt and inefficient administration of Kuomintang China, has set before it a policy of social regeneration; that it is served by many honest and disinterested public men; and that Pandit Nehru remains in the minds of the Indian masses as the very symbol of liberation, an example of integrity and devotion to his country's welfare.

In the last years of Chinese anarchy the Government stood for all that was socially evil, while in the North the Communists had given an example of honest and good government. They had won the imagination of the people, the army and the intellectuals. In India, those who struggled and suffered under the British Raj still carry on the Gandhi tradition; they still have the chance of proving that the revolution for which they fought was not carried out for narrow, class ends. In India, freedom and social revolution are still, one may hope, compatible.

The Western world has a part to play in this struggle. It is first of all a negative part. The suicidal course for the West would be to repeat the errors of the French in Indo-China and of the Americans in China. The neutrality of India, of Indonesia and Burma is the natural reflection of their international situation. They stand ideologically as well as geographically between the Western and the Communist worlds. They are Eastern countries which have suffered from Western imperialism but which have also discovered something to be valued in the West. They have embarked on an internal reconstruction which would be ended if they became involved on either side of the two power blocs. Therefore, the first duty of the West is to provide them as far as possible with conditions of stability, and strictly to respect their practically unanimous desire for neutrality.

The second rule for the West is that it may aid South-East Asia technically, always provided that it does so without political or military obligations. The Americans are beginning to understand this. As the Burmese Prime Minister suggested the other day, there is more than a verbal difference in the substitution of T.A. (Technical Assistance) for the Mutual (or should it be Military?) Assistance of M.S.A. In India, recent agreements, signed with America for economic assistance of fifty million dollars, can, for instance, lead to the more rapid achievement of the targets set by India's Five Year Plan. Pandit Nehru could fairly claim that these agreements did not in fact make India an American camp-follower.

There is another way in which Britain especially can co-operate, if she will, with the neutral world of South-East Asia. Rightly and inevitably, countries which are still struggling for their independence from old imperialist regimes look for support to India and other already liberated countries. Thus Taieb Slim, who acts as the representative of the Neo-Destour whilst the French hold their leader Bourgiba under arrest in Tunisia, is now in South-East Asia, eliciting support for his country's cause in the United Nations. Both India and Indonesia have recently and explicitly expressed their intention of raising the Tunisian question before the next session of the United Nations General Assembly due to begin on October 14, and it is a significant evidence of the shift in the world balance of power that Tunisians now should expect to find effective support on the Security Council rather from Pakistan and from Hindu as well as Muslim opinion rather than from the West.

The choice for Britain is once more clear. Mr. Attlee's Government has been acclaimed throughout the world for its statesmanlike attitude to the awakened nationalism of South-East Asia and Africa. It failed to persuade the French to achieve a similar flexibility in their colonies. If the present British Government fears to offend the Quai d'Orsay, lest it weaken Atlantic Defence, it will take another disastrous step in destroying what British magnanimity has won. In the United Nations, traditional Foreign Office policy will be to support another allied Empire whether its case is good or bad. Long-sighted statesmanship, understanding that the days of the old imperialism are over, will rather seek the goodwill of the hundreds of millions of Asians and Africans who may still be our friends, but who, if they are antagonised will, before many years have passed, make our present arguments about European Defence sound as irrelevant as the squabbles of children.

London Diary

With Parliament in recess, anti-Bevanism provides ideal copy for papers short of political news. The *News Chronicle* has decided that the right popular angle is a series of blood-curdling revelations about the Party within the Party. *The Times* and the *Telegraph*, feeling that this is a little too crude for the superior tastes of their readers, are devoting columns to the "grave constitutional issues" involved in Aneurin Bevan's remark during the economic debate, that *he* had insisted on the limiting conditions contained in Mr. Attlee's announcement of the Defence programme. In the *Telegraph* Mr. Bevan is confidently found guilty by Lord Hailsham of constitutional impropriety, though he seems to have been holiday-making and without access to reference books later than the Gladstonian epoch. A careless reader might forget that there have been many resignations in this century and that very few, if any, of them have followed the pattern which Lord Hailsham suggests is the only correct one. The number of reputable people who have broken their oaths as Privy Councillors in this analysis is surprising indeed. In *The Times* Mr. A. J. P. Taylor remained "In the News" by a little swipe at Mr. Bevan and a big swipe at Mr. Attlee. Mr. Attlee replied with another chilly rebuke, whereat Michael Foot barged in with the embarrassing reminder that, when Duff Cooper resigned after Munich, he revealed all sorts of very official secrets without protest from Mr. Attlee.

* * *

Having listened to all these pundits I have reached two conclusions. Theoretically, every resigning Minister who refers to any Cabinet discussion without obtaining the permission of the Crown violates his oath as a Privy Councillor. But a Minister must reveal *something* in explaining why he resigned; and as resigning Ministers seem seldom in fact to ask the Crown's leave to do so, this charge against Mr. Bevan is purely theoretical. An ounce of fact explodes a ton of legal theorising. My second conclusion is that our Constitution is pretty well what we choose to make it and so the constitutional proprieties of collective responsibility are made and unmade by successive Cabinet crises. When we declared war in 1914, the resigning Liberal Ministers were permitted by general consent to discuss Cabinet secrets. When Ramsay MacDonald smashed the second Labour Government, Mr. Lansbury and Mr. Lees Smith were so angry that they continued the Cabinet dissensions in public from the Opposition benches. And so did Duff Cooper in 1938. What has been remarkable indeed since the resignation of the three Ministers, has been the reticence of both sides about the events leading up to the break. Virtually nothing has been revealed. Then why did Mr. Attlee so sharply rebuke such a very small indiscretion? I think he was piqued by the fact that Mr. Bevan was purporting to lift a tiny corner of the Cabinet veil in order to score a good debating point which could not be constitutionally discussed. The real moral of the whole affair is that, judged by the standards of fraternal recrimination in 1931, everyone on this occasion has shown admirable restraint. Surely this is something for which both sides should take credit, instead of permitting the Tory press to make it appear that Labour cannot handle an internal crisis with propriety and good sense.

* * *

It is always refreshing to find a liberal-minded intelligence at work among our colonial officials. The last few years have shown us several, of which the best has perhaps been that of Sir Andrew Cohen, who is now the Governor of Uganda. Sir John Macpherson in Nigeria is another case, the more important because Nigeria is the most populous territory in the British Commonwealth after India and Pakistan. Now I see that Sharwood Smith, the new Lieut.-Governor of Northern Nigeria (with some fourteen million people in his charge) has opened a long overdue assault upon the overweening privilege and corruption of many of the Amirs, or hereditary rulers, in his area. I am told that in this he has the backing of one or two of the more enlightened Amirs—notably of the Sultan of Sokoto and of the Amirs of Katsina and Gwandu, two of them the rulers of great provinces of grassland which border the southern fringe of the Sahara. It is to be hoped that British officials in the north, schooled in the long tradition of indirect rule through an amirate autocracy, will see Sharwood Smith's task of reforming that autocracy with the same urgency as I gather that he does. "In this modern age," Sharwood Smith said the other day, "there is no place for the unscrupulous and indolent prince, neither is there any place for bands of corrupt retainers." These are strong words, but justified: I shall watch with interest to see what progress is made in the painful but necessary task of translating them into action.

* * *

In the early days of the Indonesian Republic, which celebrates the seventh anniversary of the Proclamation of its independence this week, Dutch business men were often opposed to Dutch policy in The Hague. An article which appeared recently in *Het Vrij Volk* (the Dutch Labour Party's official paper) shows how much their optimism was justified. Despite all the complaints about the difficulties of Western enterprises, the money which was transferred to Holland last year amounted to 400 million guilders, the highest figure since the boom days of 1926! Boom figures in rubber partly explain

this remarkable total, but the figure also includes 30 million guilders transferred to Holland for holidays and leave, 28 millions for pension premiums, 10 millions for life insurances, 33 million payment of pensions. In the same year Dutch capital investments showed a profit of 263 million guilders and shipping and petroleum concerns account for a further 125 millions. It isn't surprising that the Japanese, who, under America's benevolent supervision, hope to regain their economic ascendancy in South-East Asia, regard Indonesia as their best hunting ground for trade and investments. The two countries have recently signed a Trade Pact. But Indonesia, anxious to speed up her industrialisation, is looking elsewhere as well; to Germany, both East and West, and to Eastern Europe, especially to Czechoslovakia.

* * *

The most popular Pavilion in the Paris Exhibition of 1931 was the Balinese; it was the first time most Europeans had heard the gamelan orchestra and watched the exquisitely subtle dancing for which the Island afterwards became famous. In the Thirties Bali became a paradise for escapists, and also for artists who weren't escapists. I now learn that Anak Agung Gde Mandera, who conducted the gamelan in Paris, is coming to the Winter Garden Theatre, with a complete orchestra of gongs and drums, instruments made of bamboos and metalophones. I understand that he will have 23 players who will accompany some of the finest dancers in Bali. Many of the dances are based on Hindu epics, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, there will be new dances, one of them an imitation in ballet of the bumblebee. The dance is very much alive in Bali to-day and new forms and ideas are encouraged. And the Balinese are much too busy, like everybody else in the Republic of Indonesia, to spend much time on occasional tourists so that these 15 performances (from August 26 to September 6) should not be missed. Just in case you don't get to Bali to see them.

* * *

When Lord Beaverbrook reviewed on television and radio the *History of The Times*, Printing House Square acidly rebuked him for his comments on the Abdication Crisis. No one but Lord Beaverbrook would have thought of just this way of getting his own back on *The Times*. He offers a shilling pamphlet with a reproduction of Sutherland's wonderful portrait of him on the cover; another picture of himself among the microphones, looking like the Benevolent Imp who, in our moments of wild optimism, we should like to think rules the world; photographs of all the other persons involved; the evidence (in black type) set out to justify what he said by quotations from the *History*; and his complete broadcasts. It ends with pages of ecstatic praise of himself as a broadcaster quoted from the critics at the time. All good, clean, self-boosting fun, exactly the kind of thing that the B.B.C. should keep us alive by providing. As for the substance, I should say that Lord Beaverbrook shows that Geoffrey Dawson, then Editor of *The Times*, had a great deal more to do with the abdication than we knew. It also seems clear to me that once *The Times* has begun the job of revelation, the full story should be told. Lord Beaverbrook's thesis is that the King hoped throughout to "get away with" a morganatic marriage. That is, he hoped to remain King with Mrs. Simpson as his wife, but not Queen. Many of us have our own bits of inside knowledge to reveal. My own experience at the time supports Lord Beaverbrook's thesis.

CRITIC

UNFAIR

Great Britain's trade recession
Is causing deep depression
And few appear to understand exactly what is wrong,
But full investigation
Explains the situation,
We do not work too little but others work too long.

We ask for no instruction
In techniques of production,
The standard of our exports no competitor can touch,
It's cut-throat competition
That threatens our position—
The Germans and the Japanese like work far too much.

They show no marked aversion
To inordinate exertion
Their appetite for labour might be almost called a vice;
Their bargaining collective
Has proved so ineffective
They dump their manufactures at a sacrificial price.

Trade Union restriction
Is based on the conviction
That maximum production is an economic crime,
And workers of all nations
Should learn our regulations,
The Germans and the Japanese do too much overtime.

It's undercutting prices
That brings the present crisis,
The Japanese and Germans raid our markets with success;
We see the danger clearly
And the remedy is merely
Not that we should produce much more but they should do much less.

Although their goods may collar
The markets and the dollar
Grave economic perils in their faulty theories lurk;
When output they redouble
That causes all the trouble—
The Germans and the Japanese are far too fond of work.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

F— and Sons, printers, have introduced what is thought to be a unique form of long-service recognition. Instead of the usual two weeks' notice an employee with ten years' service will be entitled to three. *Worlds Press News.* (J. W. Brannam.)

The next question, Mary said, came from Mr. V. C., of Wood Green, London. It was: "The doctor said that the risks of childbirth were greater as the woman grew older. Does this apply to men as well?"—*The People.* (Peter J. Hunt.)

Coun. Dennis opposed this, pointing out it was silly to charge outsiders more for cremation when they were only charged the same as residents for buses and other amenities in Southend.—*Southend Standard.* (A. Girling.)

"We wonder if those who are wishing to promote sport on Sunday realise what they are doing, that is, helping forward the totalitarian state, when we shall have to bid farewell to the freedom of the individual."—*Evening Standard.* (Pat Sloan.)

Planes Without Bombs

MR. LENNOX-BOYD'S new policy for civil aviation will be put into practice not by legislation nor even by regulation, but by administrative action. It is therefore difficult to forecast what will be its practical results. The Minister has given assurances to the airways Corporations that their development is not threatened by his proposals; but nobody in the two Corporations is at all inclined to accept this. The men on the job know that in a complex, highly technical, delicately balanced industry like air transport one cannot nibble away at the edges without imposing strains at the centre.

Consider, for example, the Minister's assurance that the present overseas passenger networks of the two Corporations will not be thrown open to competition: it reveals two serious loopholes. The first of these lies in the word "present." It is not much use ensuring the continuance of the present networks if some undefined inhibition is to be placed upon their future development. An airline network is not a static but a dynamic thing—if it doesn't grow it withers away. Changes in the pattern of world trade, changes in the location of military and administrative personnel, changes in holiday habits, and a whole host of similar factors, are always causing routes to increase or decrease in importance.

A progressive airline undertaking must therefore be constantly looking out for new routes to be developed. This preliminary work is both difficult and costly; and B.O.A.C., in particular, have been devoting a lot of money and skilled man-power to it. For each prospective new route they have had to carry out a survey; to examine the facilities available for intermediate stops; and to investigate at each proposed stop the availability of local labour and supplies, and the regulations covering traffic and currency. Most difficult of all, it is necessary to pioneer and develop a suitable new type of aircraft, or invent modifications of existing types, to cover the special demands of the new route. All this is work which the Corporations have been doing as a regular part of their job. From now on, they may not be so keen. In the future, if the Corporations do any of this pioneering work, a competitor will be able to come along at the last minute and cash in on it. The private companies, on the other hand, do not possess the resources required for pioneering new routes. There is therefore a danger that British aviation may now become fossilised within its present size and shape, and that very few new routes, perhaps none at all, will be opened up.

The other gap in the Minister's assurance is that he has left the question of future freight services completely in the dark. This is an increasingly important source of revenue for the Corporations, and they are doing a great deal of work on it. For example, British Overseas Airways have already started studies on the possibility of developing the new Bristol Britannia as a freighter; but it is unlikely that they will go on spending time and money on these studies if there is a danger that, when they have completed the job, somebody else will get the benefit of it. So the personnel of British airways put no trust in Mr. Lennox-Boyd's fair words.

Our airways men are a hard-headed, hard-bitten management-worker team, who have fought their way to their present level of success against considerable handicaps. They have had, in particular, to climb three serious obstacles in their path. The first of these is that they have been gravely

handicapped by being compelled to patronise British aircraft manufacturers. It is no exaggeration to say that a large part, if not all, of the losses of the airways Corporations have in fact been a disguised subsidy to the privately owned aircraft factories.

Immediately after the War the Americans had ready some new types of civil airliners, whereas we had none. That was because during the War we had concentrated on manufacturing fighters and bombers, whereas the Americans had manufactured very large bombers and military transport aircraft. Naturally all these military transport aircraft were designed with an eye to conversion after the War to civil types. A distinguished British aero-engineer once said that some of the American so-called military planes during the War were modified passenger aircraft, and the only modification consisted of removing the stewardess. By contrast, we had no civil types developed, and yet we required the airways Corporations to fly British in order to help the British aircraft manufacturers at a time when they needed help desperately.

B.O.A.C. did, in fact, buy a small number of American aircraft, but for the most part they managed with obsolescent British types. Then, as the new British aircraft came along, many of them were delivered much behind schedule. If any publicly owned service had let the nation down as badly as the airways Corporations have been let down by some private manufacturers, most of the newspapers would be screaming their heads off in strident protest. To take one recent example, the new Elizabethan which has just gone into service with British European Airways was delivered just over a year late. That year of lateness added something like half a million pounds to the Corporation's expenditure, and hence to its losses, in 1951; and that year of latenesss of the Elizabethan enabled the Swedes, the Belgians, the Dutch and the Swiss to steal a march on British European Airways.

The Corporation's second serious problem concerns the supply and the cost of high-octane petrol. It is not generally realised that when a Viking flies from Northolt to Renfrew the first four passengers who go on board do no more than pay for the cost of the fuel. Whenever a Chancellor of the Exchequer increases the petrol tax he automatically makes a hole in the Corporations' budgets. This affects British European Airways much more than British Overseas, because British Overseas do a great deal of their fuelling and refuelling outside this country, whereas British European do a very large part of it here. The new tax imposed this year adds something like £150,000 to the annual fuel bill of British European Airways.

A short time ago there was a strike in the United States of America which interfered for a few weeks with supplies of fuel. It happened when the flow of visitors to Great Britain was at its highest, and a large amount of revenue was lost which will be reflected in results for some time to come. Cuts had to be made in the North Atlantic and South American services. On the Eastern routes it was necessary to cancel all charter services, as well as one or two of the passenger services; and there had to be a complete temporary suspension of services to Israel, to Persia and to Cairo. All this cost British Overseas Airways, in direct losses, over £250,000.

Thirdly, the Corporations are bedevilled by rearmament. For one thing, they have to compete for their new aircraft—and, more seriously, for the drawing-board space on which future types are designed—with the powerful demands of the Royal Air Force. Moreover, some of their programmes of maintenance and repair of aircraft, which are worked on split-second planning and timing, are being gravely disorganised by the lack of spares, which again is caused by prior Air Force demands on the manufacturers. And finally, the existence of areas in Western Europe which are prohibited to civil aircraft because of American airfields and bombing ranges means that our civil aeroplanes have to make very considerable detours, thus increasing their costs. Partly because of the London control area, and partly because of security considerations in France, aircraft now have to fly between Northolt and Paris by devious routes which have lengthened the flying distance between the two cities from 215 miles to 255 miles. Last year British European Airways had to fly 740,000 extra miles to make the same number of journeys to the same places. In the face of all these handicaps, for none of which the Corporations are themselves responsible, the wonder is that British Civil Aviation has done as well as it has.

IAN MIKARDO

(To be concluded)

Behind Bars

To anyone who has watched the departmental frenzy of mendacity that can be set off by a simple Parliamentary question, the invention of the Select Committee on Estimates must seem to have been a stroke of democratic genius. No instrument of representative government has ever come so close to the "No Taxation without Representation" ideals of our forbears. It is appointed in each session of Parliament "to examine such of the Estimates presented to this House as may seem fit to the Committee . . . and to report what economies consistent with the policy implied in those Estimates may be effected therein." Government and district auditors are strong, silent fellows, watchdogs that control, without barking, the way our money is spent within the accepted Estimates. The Select Committee that looks into the Estimates themselves is a watchdog that needs to bark, and sometimes does it with a persistence and raucousness that must set up a strong departmental nostalgia for the more gentlemanly, printed question on the Order Paper.

Sub-Committee "E" of the Select Committee on Estimates has recently been visiting the prisons. Its main recommendations, most of which were briefly reported in the press, are all sensible enough and show quite plainly that the present calamitous state of the prisons, being fundamentally a housing problem, is due to imposed "economies." Most of the recommendations, it may safely be assumed, will be to the liking of the Prison Commissioners: the Select Committee, despite its terms of reference, has again not hestitated to suggest ways in which more money, rather than less, can be spent with advantage to the taxpayer. But for the real value of its work you must turn to the Minutes of Evidence, where the art of interrogating skilful witnesses can be seen at its most incisive. I do not know whose job it may be to study these 100,000 words of closely printed questions and answers; but some interesting and unexpected facts, never likely to be elicited by Parliamentary questions, await anyone who does. Here are a few of them.

The present prison population of roughly 23,000, expressed as a percentage of the entire population, is *not* the highest ever recorded. It is lower than that of 1880. According to the Chairman of the Prison Commission, the proportion of prisoners who return for more than one sentence "grows steadily less"—a highly encouraging statement which seems, unaccountably, to have escaped general notice. No one knows whether the prison psychiatrists' patients come back to prison more often or less often than the vastly greater number of prisoners who, being middle-aged, unintelligent, unco-operative, or in prison only for short sentences, get no psychiatric treatment at all. But "only nine people in a hundred return to prison who have been to Wakefield"—Britain's first experimental "prison without bars." An Erewhonian detail about Wandsworth Prison is that among its 1,588 occupants there are at present 56 Christian Scientists.

What do men and women do in prison? Despite an impressive list of skilled trades for the few, the general answer is still what it was in 1875: they mike and repair mail-bags for the G.P.O. This aboriginal handicraft is a prison monopoly. The Chairman of the Prison Commission says "it is one of the major permanent problems of our prison administration—to find an alternative to the mail-bag . . . ," something which will provide "simple work for unskilled men who are in prison for so short a time that they cannot be taught a skilled trade or trusted to handle valuable materials or tools." Just at present, owing mainly to the re-armament programme, there is no shortage of the more skilled kinds of work for those prisoners who can do it or be trained to do it. No one likes the mail-bag; but the Governor of Wandsworth Prison, where 3,000,000 were made during the war, thinks it essential that they be made in prisons, because to have them made outside would be to ensure that they were made by children, whom we should thus drive into crime! They are even made at Wakefield Prison, the most progressive institution we have. The idea of mass-producing them by machinery, like flour-bags, has not taken root in the Prison Service, because what is wanted is not production but occupation. The few prison machines on which they could be made frequently stand idle, so that hand-sewing may keep the men occupied. Even so, less than 20 hours' work a week can be found for most prisons.

Contracts for sandbags might fill the gap, but (say the Prison Commissioners) "the jute industries have a virtual monopoly not only of the raw material but of the processing, and they buy all the jute and make all the sandbags. It is all one big ring." The finished products cost less than the prisons would have to pay for the raw material.

It was in relation to contracts for the employment of prison labour that the members of the Sub-Committee did their most effective questioning. It seemed to them that a Treasury instruction of October, 1950, requiring Government Departments to place contracts with the prisons whenever possible, was being ignored. With witness after witness, they pursued this idea mercilessly—they must have made the Admiralty, Ministry of Supply, and G.P.O. witnesses thoroughly uncomfortable; and the more they pursued it the more certain they became. "The prisons' problems of production," they say tartly in their report, "might have been nearer to solution if it [the Treasury instruction] had been implemented on even one occasion." It seems highly probable that something will be done about this; but the numerous firms who habitually submit tenders to the G.P.O. should be interested to learn, from the mouth of its Director of Contracts, that it gets tenders from the trade in order to "tell the prisons what price we should expect to pay for the particular item."

There emerged some odd facts about prison earnings, in relation to which the expert witnesses tended to contradict each other even on

facts. A prisoner to-day, it seems, can earn from one-and-sixpence to eight shillings a week—the latter being the largest amount he is allowed to hold at one time, even if by piecework he could earn more. Since he can only spend this on cigarettes (at full market price) and a few simple comforts, it would be "anomalous" and "uneconomic" (it is argued) to pay him a "rate-for-the-job" wage—as they nevertheless do in Swedish prisons. Yet the Sub-Committee were told that a married prisoner with two children has been sending his wife ten shillings a month from his prison earnings, that "quite a lot" of the men at Parkhurst regularly buy canteen sweets with their pay and send them home to their children, but that no arrangement can be made to enable a prisoner to keep up his "Class 'A'" National Insurance contribution (the one that will matter most when he gets out of prison). The Chairman of the Prison Commission remarked that an Army contractor, who had used prison labour to make condensers, had said "It's pathetic the way they sweat their guts out to get that extra halfpenny"; and the Industrial Manager at Parkhurst said that neither increased nor decreased pay would make the slightest difference to output.

On questions of penological treatment there seems to be an unbridgeable gap between the "discipline staff" and the hierarchy that begins at Assistant Governor. If the views of various representatives of the Prison Officers' Association are indeed representative (which is not necessarily the case), psychiatry in the prisons will have an uphill fight. The familiar battle, experiment versus empiricism, tends already to darken counsel on both sides. "We don't allow any form of indiscipline," says the Governor of Camp Hill, for example. "That is immediately checked." On the other hand—"I have known officers almost reported for neglect of duty, or some similar charge, for wanting to report an inmate," said the Secretary of the Camp Hill Branch of the Prison Officers' Association. Even the prison Medical Officers themselves don't go in for psychiatric diplomas—most of them joined the Service more than twenty years ago. "The wealth of experience that a psychiatrically wise man gains in the prison service is worth quite a lot compared with a mere academic qualification," said Dr. H. K. Snell, Director of Medical Services to the Prison Commission. He also said that the bread-and-water punishment diet, which the Chairman of the Prison Commission disapproves of, "has a very beneficial effect," and that the 4,000 men who are sleeping three in a cell are safer from contagion than people travelling in Underground trains.

As (and if) they read through all this conflicting evidence, different people will jump at different things. To me, the most disturbing disclosure is that we are not likely to get any improvement in the accommodation position for "very many years," while the most astonishing is that judo (or jiu-jitsu), in which the police have been trained for over 50 years, has never been taught to prison officers. They have just started taking lessons—if they want to!

C. H. ROLPH

GOING ON HOLIDAY?

Do not rely on "picking-up" your copies of THE NEW STATESMAN wherever you are to be. We will post them on THURSDAY nights to you at any address on the Continent. Simply send us your addresses and remittance. **2 copies 1/9,** each additional copy 10½*d.* Even if you are staying at home you should place a DEFINITE ORDER with your Newsagent to avoid missing your copy.

THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

Three Wise Ladies of Taos

MABEL DODGE came to Taos, as we did thirty-five years after her, one late afternoon, along the road leading up from Sante Fé. She had rushed to New Mexico, in the middle of the New York season, to spend in that scarcely known State a few winter weeks with her third husband. In Taos, as she wrote later, her life broke apart. The heiress from Buffalo who had received La Duse, Gordon Craig, Leo and Gertrude Stein in her house in Florence, whose salon on Fifth Avenue was now filled with America's first world war avantgarde, suddenly grew aware of the flaw in civilisation. Certainty, contentment, calm, all of which she had missed in her round of cosmopolitan pleasures, seemed miraculously contained in the age-old culture of the Taos Indians. Here life seemed "real, real, and deep as fate." So she cut loose from her past, built herself a house in the shadow of the "Sacred Mountain," and arrived at a profound, if monosyllabic, happiness in her fourth marriage, with the Red Indian Tony Luhan.

This remarkable woman created modern Taos. She called D. H. Lawrence there, and gave him a house and a ranch for which Frieda Lawrence later presented her with the original manuscript of *Sons and Lovers.* When Lawrence went to London to dine, rouse, and return with a number of disciples to build Rananim on the slopes of San Cristobal, all but Dorothy Brett declined. But if the dinner guests of the Café Royal wouldn't come, a lot of others came in the years between the wars—artists and escapists and those poor enough to be able to live where they chose. Something seemed to satisfy them in Taos. Something made them stay, just as it had made the first Indian settlers stay a thousand years ago, and then again, after five hundred years of Indian silence, the conquistadores, Mexican traders, French trappers from the Mississippi, and mountain men from the East.

It is easy enough to see, only perhaps a little less easy than to sneer at it—as has lately been done in books about Lawrence. It may well be that the "unspoiled Indians worshipping the sun in real purity of spirit," whom Mabel Dodge had promised him, seemed to Lawrence at times no more than "Americans dressed up, under alien masks of flesh." It may also be that the small artists' colony he encountered on arrival were, after all, only those "Bohemians and marginal-livers he found everywhere." The fact is that he stayed, and left, and stayed again, until he went to Europe on a wild goose chase of recovery. Toward the end, at Vence, he wanted to get well so that he might return to the ranch. It was only right that Frieda took his ashes to Taos. If ever the savage pilgrim had a home, this was it.

When we came up North from Sante Fé that summer evening, it was not in order to follow Mabel Dodge's well-trodden trail but because you cannot get there any other way without a car of your own. Trains do not climb up the table-land of Taos and the only bus, twice daily, runs up that truly historic road from Albuquerque. Anyhow, it is the most fabulous line of approach. We passed through several deserts littered with curious volcanic formations, rose, olive, and mauve as all the Rockies, but as we entered the Rio Grande Canyon all this brightness dimmed to dusk. This may have been due to the dark streaks of lava lining the canyon, or to the deep green cedars on the rocks, or to the sun receding mysteriously behind the ridge, but whatever the cause it undeniably created a curious feeling of suspense. Then the river falls away. A last elevation must be climbed, and the road winds up and up the narrowing gorge until it reaches the rim. The bus swings round the bend. And there, stretching away endlessly towards a blue horizon, lies the valley of Taos, seven thousand feet above the sea.

"The roof of the world." These, as his wife later told us, were Lawrence's words but in one way or another it is what everyone must feel. For this is another level of reality, not unlike the cloudscape one sees from an aeroplane, a new region far above the nether world one has left behind, where the sun has a second lease of life before it settles. All of the skyline around is a chain of undulating hills, and in its centre, due North, lies the pine-covered Sangre de Christo range with its "Sacred Mountain" towering above the town of Taos and the Indian pueblo. Scattered in the sagebrush plain, as one drives towards it, are the first adobe dwellings, houses lifted straight from a Cubist dream, washed a dirty yellow and built of mud, straw, and water, much as the Pueblo Indians began to build around A.D. 1000. Every hamlet up here is plastered adobe brick, and so is Taos. To call it a town, incidentally, is an euphemism. With its population of 2,000—ten times that number live on the entire plateau—it is still but a village of scattered adobe homes, with a central square its focal point.

Still, it has changed since Mabel Dodge first arrived. Then she put up in a melancholy place lit by oil and smoky with cigars. "They say they got some artists living here," she was told, "but nobody ever *comes* here except them travelling men." On the site of the "Columbian" now stands the Fonda de Taos, its comforts resembling those of a pleasant European mountain hotel, and harbouring in its art gallery most of the American and foreign painters who have settled in Taos during the past thirty or forty years. Outside, in the Plaza, huge cars from all neighbouring States are parked in serried rows, for the forests and the fish of Taos have come into fashion and this is now an anglers' country, a skiers' country, with an occasional student of folklore thrown in. For him the Indian ceremonials and the Mexican fiestas which are being held throughout the year, for him the Passion Play, unique in the States, which is performed every Good Friday by the Catholic sect of the Penitentes.

As yet, modern America is still far away, although its totem poles—two gasoline stations—guard the entrance to the Plaza. European "artiness" has become a more concrete threat of late; but if curio shops abound and women artists—Renoir-fringe, Picasso-eye, Modigliani-neck—loom menacingly round the corner, this is not yet Ascona, or Ischia, or Cagnes. Beneath a thin cosmopolitan veneer, Taos still belongs to the Taosenos. Their Arcadian ease and well-being, which every newcomer is so anxious to share, is due not merely to a landscape of celestial beauty but equally to their having found the formula. Call it "unity in diversity," call it "agreement to differ," call it tolerance—by any name this is a rare case of three cultures living peacefully side by side.

"Anglos," as people of North American stock are described, do not speak disparagingly of the darker races, as most Southerners do. They rather admire the Pueblo Indians for their manners and dignity, and there is no ground for friction with the Mexicans either; for all farm their land and raise their cattle much the same way. Religion could divide them but somehow doesn't. And this despite the existence, and persistence, in the valley of dark and ancient customs like the flagellation rites in Lent. These are observed by

the Penitentes among the Mexican ranchers who set out at dawn dragging heavy wooden crosses along a "road to Calvary," singing Gregorian chants, and whipping themselves with the thorny stems of the Yucca cactus. Snoopers into these ceremonies are stoned, which is a charitable reaction compared to what the Indians do to intruders upon their rites.

Sitting in their Pueblo and on their farming land which is theirs by title, these Taos Indians have evolved a subtle compromise. They are on the whole what John Gunther calls "anti-assimilationists," and if State politicians—by no means the same thing as Taosenos—still cheat them out of their vote, the older men among them don't even want it. They are anxious to keep and preserve their own hierarchy complete with Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, War Captain, Assistant and Medicine Men who effectively and efficiently rule the thousand or so "Red Willow People" in the Pueblo. They want above all to be left in peace, giving to the Christian God what is his due and taking the rest elsewhere, in secret. They charge a quarter for a visit to their Pueblo—which is little enough for being stared at all day—but all you see are the façades of the adobe dwellings and a front parlour or two thrown open to the public. What they "sell" of themselves is in fact no more than the outermost skin of their existence. But underneath—and this is what Lawrence knew better than his commentators—there is a strong tribal heritage from America's pre-historic days.

"Yes, they're very polite to Christianity," says Dorothy Brett. "They marry in church and then retire deep inside their Pueblo and marry again according to their own rites. Dead men are put in a coffin which is blessed by the Catholic priest but, as soon as he's gone, they take the corpse out again and bury it in a blanket, saving the coffin for next time." Brett, who came with Lawrence, still lives here, painting away at Indians and as many of their secret dances as she can find out about, impervious to the outside world, like Frieda, like Mabel Dodge Luhan. All passion spent, they too have adopted the formula and entered into the Taoseno peace. Long past the violent presence of Lawrence in their midst, long past the days when Brett wrote *Lawrence and Brett*, when Mabel wrote *Lawrence in Taos*, when Frieda wrote *Not the Wind—but I*. In the village public library a visitor can still find, in Mabel's copy of Frieda's book, a scribbled protest in the margin, a furious "You horrid little man, Lorenzo!" But this is literary history. Those who lived it, live on.

Frieda Lawrence's house lies just outside Taos, on the Questa road. Here, a ripe old corn goddess, radiant in her yellow, ochre and brick-red dress, she sits under Lorenzo's outrageous paintings, hugely enjoying her own and other peoples' jokes. Concerning the money-poisoned Indians, she has a story to tell. Some time ago she decided to leave, in her will, Kiowa ranch to an Indian couple. She said to Trinidad and Rufina: "Look, this was once your land. You shall have it back when I die." They were enchanted. "What will the Governor say!" But next morning they returned, more thoughtful. "Frieda," they said, "you're not rich. You'd better sell the ranch. We've decided not to accept it." That's the sort of people they are. Kind but secretive. Every year in August they go up to the Blue Lake for their most secret ceremonials. Whoever sneaks up to them, gets killed. "My Indian servant girl Josephine always borrows my best shawl for the occasion. I suppose it all has to do with sex." And Frieda laughs, raucously, irresistibly.

HILDE SPIEL

Taos, New Mexico.

HOW MUCH STEEL
from six new blast furnaces?
ONE of the six new blast furnaces to be completed in this country in 1952 will be the largest in Europe. They will have been built by firms on the North-East Coast, in the Midlands, in South Wales, and near the North Welsh Border. When in full operation they will produce enough pig iron to increase Britain's annual output of steel by three-quarters of a million tons.
These new blast furnaces are all part of the steel industry's first post-war development plan—the great £240,000,000 project begun in 1946, as part of which one of the world's largest steel works has been built.
"Don't forget me!" says JACK SCRAP
The steel industry still needs all the scrap which engineering firms and other steel users can send back. Search out every ton of scrap on your premises. Your local scrap merchant will help with dismantling and collection.
Issued by the BRITISH IRON & STEEL FEDERATION
STEEL HOUSE, TOTHILL STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Merry England

THIS summer, it is safe to forecast, many more English visitors will tour France than the numbers of their French counterparts visiting England. If Mr. Butler, his mind anxiously engrossed by the balance of foreign payments, wants to learn the causes of this (for him) unfortunate phenomenon, he might consider briefly the influence of a small brown book entitled, *Britannia: A Description of the Home Life and Social Activities of the British People*. This informative volume, first published in 1915 and periodically re-printed—the last time in 1949—enjoys a wide sale in France as a guide and English-language primer for French tourists planning to come to England.

The author, M. Guibillon, leads his French readers happily Channelwards with enthusiastic descriptions of the hotels, restaurants, shops and stores which await them on the other side. An average English meal, it appears consists of mock-turtle soup, trout, pheasants or partridges, any number of vegetables, savouries, puddings and pies, cheese, fruit, a liqueur and coffee. All very well: a guide is traditionally entitled to a little poetic licence. But there follows two chapters entitled, "The Human Body" and "Health and Disease." In England, the first chapter begins, "the human body comprises the head, the trunk and the limbs. The head consists of two parts, the skull and the face. The face is the front of the head."

Again, one would say, well and good. But the author is not content to leave it at that: he begins to expatiate. English children, he informs the reader, "are sometimes born with (slight) deformities; a club-foot, knock-knees, bow-legs, or rickets. Others are born blind, deaf, dumb (or deaf and dumb). A hunchback," he adds, "a cripple walking with crutches, a one-eyed man, a one-armed man, and a one-legged man, likewise deserve our pity." He then devotes a paragraph to the casual mention of teething, measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, influenza, small-pox and those mild complaints which, he feels, may fall to anybody's lot in England, such as chills, colds, chilblains, chapped hands, sick indigestion (often accompanied with giddiness), cramps, or a stitch in the side. He illustrates his point with a narrative about an imaginary English family, in which the teller of the tale remarks:—

> "My younger sister is far more delicate than I. Her complexion lacks the rosy look of health, and has often a greenish hue. She suffers from green-sickness. She has frequent fainting fits, *i.e.*, she faints. She easily catches cold. Unless checked at once, her chills always degenerate into bronchitis or pneumonia. Moreover, she suffers from toothache and has a gumboil.
>
> "My father has been suffering from rheumatism and gout for years. My mother is afflicted with sciatica and asthma: as to my grandfather, he has had two apoplectic fits and is threatened by a third from which he has very small chances of recovering."

Besides "the dismal list of all the diseases which blight and destroy their lives," Englishmen, according to M. Guibillon, are likely to "meet with a violent death, as the result of an accident, or of the malicious designs of their enemies. Every day," he declares, "we read in the newspapers about men or women who have been burnt or scalded, drowned, run over, poisoned (by fungi, hemlock, shell-fish), bitten by rabid dogs or dangerous snakes, stung by insects; riders thrown off their horses and badly bruised; children choking through swallowing coins, etc.; people collapsing through a sunstroke or rendered insensible by frostbite. . . . We hear also of people who have been murdered, e.g., shot (killed with a firearm), stabbed (with a dagger), smothered (with a gag), blown up (by a bomb)." "Now and then," notes M. Guibillon objectively, "a wretched man, unable to bear the burden of pain or grief any longer, will commit suicide (die by his own hand)."

Finally, in order to improve his English vocabulary, the French tourist is earnestly advised to brush up on the following Material for Conversation:

> *Mr. Smith:* You don't look very well to-day. You look pale. Don't you feel well? Are you ill? What's the matter with you?
>
> *Mr. Johnson:* I am sorry to say I don't feel very well. I feel queer. I feel wretched. I am very weak.
>
> *Mr. Smith:* I am sorry to hear you are not well. Don't you feel better to-day?
>
> *Mr. Johnson:* No.

For Conversation Regarding the Health of a Third Person, the following is suggested for study:

> *Mr. Brown:* Is Mrs. Smith well? Is she still unwell?
>
> *Mr. Smith:* She has not been at all well of late. She is not very well just now. I regret to say she has been seriously ill for the past three weeks. She has been complaining of a pain in the chest. She is growing worse and worse. She is worn to a shadow.

Or, if that conversation palls, there is a dialogue In the Doctor's Office:

> *Patient:* I feel a pain here. I have a severe pain in the lungs. The pain has been more severe lately. The pain is worse this morning. I have caught a very bad cold. I am feverish. I have no appetite. I feel tired. I do not sleep well. I have a splitting headache. My stomach is out of order.
>
> *Doctor:* Nothing serious is the matter with you.

Mr. Guibillon ends the chapter with the proverb: Health is better than Wealth. Apparently the French agree . . . and don't come to Merry England.

MAXINE PERCES

London "Backs"

WE were dawdling along that stretch of canal which runs a mysterious vein through Regent's Park; ripe blackberries overhung the water, a weeping willow hinted at Renoir, chestnuts and planes with their top branches alight found deep down another, negative sky: all ahead of us was sunlight and shadow, unbroken liquidity, into which we lazily thrust, nibbling at an inverted landscape, corkscrewing trees and concertinaing bridges. . . .

The thrill—the unmitigated thrill—may need a little explaining. Everywhere on summer evenings it is delightful to idle under trees on water: here it was a delight for so long unattainable as to have given rise to a different kind of pleasure. How often, from a park walk or one of the foot-bridges, have not Londoners stared down into the seclusion of this waterway? Its half-wildness, its secrecy startle. We would halt, smoke a cigarette or drop stones. Time stood still. Once in a while we might hear the chug-chug of a barge round the corner or (along that path to which there's no entrance) watch a horse shouldering, a gang of urchins who, having breached the wire, were after adventure; soon their cries and sallies were swallowed up. Privacy had come to us in a public park; we were in London, and worlds away from it; we had escaped the geometry of streets to retain—with a strange fascination, if we didn't dwell on it—the faint traffic mumble. And winter would bring an even lovelier isolation of black trees, snow patches, curling mists. At the moment that's hardly thinkable, except that this scene always wears a half-legendary look, less of nature than of art, as though some landscapist, tired of conventional follies and back window avenues, had created here the *trompe l'œuil* of a lifetime. The barge that had taken ten minutes to dwindle out of sight would itself seem slightly unreal.

Thus the spell-bending: which I had known since first, as a child, I gazed down through the bridge railings. Actually to descend, to participate or guiltily explore, no more occurred to me than to join the huntsmen of Breughel's "Winter" or take a bite at one of Van Gogh's apples. There followed, it is true, years in which I thought of hiring a canoe to make the journey across London from some point near Twyford Abbey to Limehouse reach. But my plan, or fantasy, never materialised. "Canal, Regent's Park" remained for me a picture by an unknown master; until, a few weeks ago, I discovered, with something of a shock, that passenger trips along this very stretch were a regular thing, having started with last year's Festival. As soon as I could I hurried to Blomfield Road (Ruskin's "Little Venice," within the arms of Edgware and Harrow Roads), where at ninety-minute intervals the narrow boat *Jason* leaves on its eastward journey.

I have taken my seat, I look round at the passengers (a good sprinkling), at the painted cabin, the dark water, the buildings luckier just here in their view than in themselves. Others are doing the same: the spectacled, chubby, middle-aged lady in a print dress, who invariably graces such outings, has her sketch-book ready; Bognor seems to have been her last visit. We smile, devotees of the picturesque, if not yet at one another. Soon, with a final attendance on late-comers and a rope hauled in, we are off, imperceptibly off, for the long tunnel, through which a few old horse-barges have still to be poled from the ceiling while the horse is led overland: half an hour's toil to them, three minutes' thrill to us. The small end with its bright green vision lets us out past weeds and sparse banks, power station coolers, goods yards, iron foundries; we slide under roads and railways; a train rushes across, but we go on neither pausing nor hurrying, negotiating bends, taking the middle, meeting nobody; and then all at once, with the banks growing steep and green, Regent's Park is above us.

Enchantment—if to me eerily disenchanting—is ours. We dawdle in eternity. The feeling that I've broken some understanding, that I'm now part of it, gathers accomplices. Thin, lonely men (very different from the stalwarts along the Seine) sit fishing behind bushes and in the nook of walls—for roach, so they say, but it might be octopuses or moon fish; they have been here for hours, for life; near one is a gaunt dog curled asleep. They make way for us with a sort of reluctant delicacy. Occasionally the water slaps against stone steps (these are for the benefit of horses that may have slipped in), a bough falls, a milk-bottle is left rocking. Under the bridges we crawl forward, and now I, who so often looked down, am looked down on. A plum stone, or some such object, is even dropped on me. We *are* intruders, and as such we pass through the Zoo, catching glimpses of pea-hens and ponies, jungle cock, antelope, and the stranger people these animals are looking at. Rather hastily we look at one another. Small boys don't hesitate to point or to yell "You're sinking." However, we survive to angle the dilapidation of Chalk Farm with its hollyhock rows, ruined church, distillery windows, and then, before the first lock, we turn back. I shall look forward, if ever I realise my canoe, to the stage beyond which would take in the forlorn beauties of Islington.

On the journey home our captain, a young painter energetically making ends meet, points to landmarks and oddities: Blow-up Bridge, so called from the barge of explosives that long

ago burst its central arch, and now distinguished by eight iron Doric columns; Grove House gardens, so well barbered and shaved in front on its St. John's Wood corner, but showing a dirty neck to the water; a cricket-bat factory to remind us of Lords's, with New Zealand planks weathering on a roof; the house spanning the canal where lurks a Chief Inspector of Scotland Yard ("Must have read Simenon," observes the shrewd plump lady in the print dress, whose drawings have been of the sketchiest). Here, we are told, resided G. H. Elliott; there we overtake a duck with two ducklings. We come to our tunnel again, we probe its mystery, wondering what would happen if an opposing narrow boat chose to enter, we take a turn about "Little Venice"—that pool with an island, where the Grand Union canal strikes off—and so back to earth.

G. W. STONIER

The Arts and Entertainment

PROVENÇAL SONG

FOR some years, musical travellers have been murmuring the name of Aix-en-Provence, where Mozart is to be heard on warm summer nights under the stars. These tales have excited a natural scepticism. Of Europe's multitudinous festivals, at least four (Salzburg, Munich, Glyndebourne, Edinburgh) are already in large part devoted to Mozart. There are only half a dozen satisfactory Mozart operas and about as many good Mozart singers. Furthermore, the open air, delightful for serenades and wind consorts, is a treacherous ally for opera. But the enthusiasts persisted. There might not be everything at Aix, but there was a mysterious "something": if we came, we should capitulate.

It is tempting to suggest that the "something" is simply Aix itself, one of the loveliest of European cities. The Cours Mirabeau alone—that vast dappled nave of plane trees, with Roy René's statue as high altar, sunlight filtering through the leafy clerestory, and fountains instead of fonts—is almost enough to reward our journey. Turning off this splendid avenue, we walk gently uphill through a tangle of small streets, and under an illuminated clock tower, until we reach a formidable human bottleneck, which is the entrance to the Court of the Archbishop's Palace. When we have edged and cajoled our way inside, we find the genius of M. Cassandre has created there an intimate yet sizable French theatre, complete with *strapontins* and *ouvreuses*, and holding almost as many people as Covent Garden. There is a dress circle, through which a plane tree grows; a highly practicable stage; a proscenium painted to match the warm ochre of the courtyard; and, for ceiling, a great rectangle of velvet night. Cassandre again is responsible for the *décor* of *Don Giovanni*, reckoned a *spécialité de la maison* at Aix—and no wonder, for it is hard to imagine a more handsome or more appropriate series of stage pictures for this notoriously difficult piece.

In *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, the Conservatoire Orchestra was conducted by Hans Rosbaud. Though I missed the *Figaro*, I can affirm that he is a reasonably sound Mozartian, happier in small-scale work than in the control of large forces. He is not to be blamed for that attenuation of string tone which is a constant problem in open-air performances. I do not know what part he played in the somewhat eccentric casting of *Don Giovanni*. Over the Anna and Elvira we draw a rather large veil: both ladies slaughtered Mozart's cantilena, the one with a slashing Italian sword, the other with an uncertain Wagnerian blunderbuss. There was a pretty Zerlina (Pierette Alarie), a decent Swiss Don (Heinz Rehfuss), as fine an Ottavio (Simoneau) and Commendatore (Arié) as Europe can provide—and a Leporello of genius. For me, Marcello Cortis made the evening. With his short upper lip and maliciously roving eye, he looks the very picture of a Commedia dell' Arte rogue; moreover, he is a good singer with exact rhythm and knife-edge clarity of enunciation; from his lips the excellent jokes of Da Ponte fall as though that moment newly minted.

About *Iphigénie en Tauride* I must be brief. In the absence of Désormière, it was sensitively conducted by a young Italian named Giulini; but he could not dispel the gloom of an underlit and amateurish production or conceal the unsuitability of Patricia Neway for the title role. In *verismo* and dodecaphony she has shown exceptional powers; but to the large, classic, sculptured line of Gluck, she cannot bring the necessary technique and composure. Once again it was the men who scored, especially Simoneau as Pylades.

The larger orchestral concerts were shared between the orchestras of the Conservatoire and of the Südwestfunk of Baden-Baden. The latter, under Jean Martinon, performed an interesting and well-scored symphony by Henri Dutilleux (born 1916), which seemed to rely overmuch on variation technique and so to miss a true symphonic flow, yet contained passages—notably the final pages—of a luminous and rarefied beauty. The final concert brought a delightful *mélange* called *La Guirlande de Campra*, a set of variations by seven French composers on a sarabande by that neglected Aix master. To this garland Sauguet contributed a poetically rambling *Menuet*, and no fewer than four of Les Six sent nosegays; I liked best Poulenc's fresh and saucy little *Matelote Provençale* and Auric's irresistible *Finale* in the style of a farandole. I commend this pretty and surprisingly homogeneous suite to the organisers of our serenade concerts and to the choreographers.

It is pleasant to add that the English concerts (two by the Boyd Neel Orchestra and one by the Peers-Britten duo) have been outstandingly successful. Forming a kind of pendant to Aix, and providing a further example of artistic collaboration between France, Italy, England and Germany, a series of chamber concerts is now taking place in the spectacular setting of the Piazzetta St-Michel of Menton; the programmes are ingeniously varied, the artists first-rate; and here, too, there is to be a *Soirée anglaise*, at which Britten will conduct the N.W.D.R. Chamber Orchestra of Hamburg. When, if ever, currency regulations become easier, musical holiday-makers would do well to consider the attractions of the Aix-Menton circuit. With characteristic courtesy Aix asks its visitors to make suggestions for the future. Here are mine: Would it not be pleasant to hear, from some singer like Madeleine Grey, a selection of the wonderful folk songs of Provence and of the neighbouring Auvergne? And for operas: *Béatrice et Bénédict*, *Mireille*, *La Somnambula*, *L'Italiana in Algeri*. Cool southern music for warm southern nights.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

TO certain optimistic listeners—I am one of them—the radio biography holds out every time an irresistible invitation. Since I last wrote there have been three on the Home Service—not sophisticated, perhaps, but all in interest rather above the average: Lilian Bayliss, Gino Watkins and Henry Royce were the subjects. The familiar pitfalls were there, of course, perceptibly skirted round, leapt over, or (like the dramatic throw-back) simply not avoided at all. The *motif* is a particular problem. As in the written biography, the assembled facts alone do not create it; some authoritative hand—some voice, that is—should bring them into a single perspective. Yet often this interpreting role is omitted, or given to an unsuitable character; perhaps divided up between three or four. At this point, though, there is a Service-conscious difference between

SAVE YOUR SIGHT—BY BETTER LIGHT

G.V.D. stands for all that is best in lighting, i.e., for light that is glareless, shadowless and evenly diffused, and for producing this in the most efficient, effective and economical manner.

The **G.V.D. SYSTEM** treats lighting as a means to an end, namely, to enable you to see your surroundings clearly and comfortably, and not just to see how many lamps and fittings we can persuade you to use.

Many people have a mistaken idea that the more artificial light one has the better one can see—so one can, momentarily, as one can with a magnifying glass; but if we use this continuously we shall soon lose the power to see normally without it. Therefore, let us use no more artificial light than is necessary for clear and comfortable vision.

What is wanted is not light with a kick to it, but rather light that is cool and soft on the eye, while still enabling us to see everything clearly.

How many of us, now wearing glasses, would love to be able to dispense with them—yet more than ever are being worn to-day.

WE STILL NEITHER USE NOR RECOMMEND FLUORESCENT LIGHTING

and it is interesting to note that the French Government, after long and thorough research, has prohibited the use of fluorescent lighting in schools.

Among the places where good lighting is most vital are the home, the nursery and the school, for the eyes of the young are not fully mature and are less able to resist the harm that may be done by wrongly applied artificial lighting.

The fitting illustrated is just one example of a simple application of the **G.V.D. SYSTEM.** This fitting could light a room perfectly up to about 300 square feet in area and up to about 9 ft. 6 in. high, at a cost of only £7 10s., and the larger size will light up to 500 or 600 square feet at the low cost of £12 enabling you to sit in perfect comfort in any corner of the room.

The following are a few of the well-known concerns who are users of the **G.V.D. LIGHTING SYSTEM**:—

War Office; Ministry of Works; Air Ministry; London County Council; Civil Service National Whitley Council; National Dock Labour Board; London Chamber of Commerce; Savoy Chapel; Shell-Mex & B.P. Ltd.; Trinidad Leaseholds, Ltd.; Regent Oil Co., Ltd.; De Havilland Aircraft Co., Ltd.; D. Napier & Son Ltd.; Leyland Motors, Ltd.; Express Dairy Co., Ltd.; Imperial Chemical Industries; Liverpool University; Magdalene College, Cambridge; Ridley Hall, Cambridge; Cheltenham College; Hereford Cathedral School; the new Birkbeck College; Cerebos, Ltd.; Shipbuilding Conference; Spirella House; W. H. Jones & Co. (London) Ltd.; Wallboard Merchants' Association of the U.K.; Millers' Timber Trust Co., Ltd.; Faber & Faber, Ltd.; Cope's Taverns, Ltd.; Legal & General Assurance Society, Ltd.; Wolfe & Hollander, Ltd.; Saqui & Lawrence, Ltd.; H. Samuel, Ltd.; Eucryl, Ltd.; The Polygon Hotel, Southampton; The English-Speaking Union; Coal Utilisation Council; Brompton Oratory; Incorporated Institute of British Decorators; Museum of Antiquities, Amman; The London Clinic; and all branches of the London Health Centre, Ltd.

G.V.D. ILLUMINATORS 29b, Torrington Square, LONDON, W.C.1 *Telephone* MUSeum 1857

Home and Third. On the Third the thesis may become a compulsion; the *Tom Moore* centenary programme, with its good material and its forced conclusions, is a ready example of the idea at its most exaggerated.

A more immediate problem is how to present the main personality. The *Lilian Baylis* portrait chose the bold attack—the acted voice—and brought it off. Anecdotal, intimate, and rather breathless, like so many features about stage personalities, this broadcast swept one along through the vitality of its central character, in a remarkable and life-like rendering by Betty Hardy. How thin, by contrast, would a programme merely describing Lilian Baylis have been. Yet this design was rightly used for James McFarlan's *Watkins, Explorer, England*, where, except for the reading of letters and diaries, Watkins did not appear at all. But the description-by-witness method needs selection, too. This began distressingly, I thought, with recollections of the author's well-bred, expensive childhood; Master Gino's pranks and high spirits, however fondly recalled by nurse and relative, struck the ear with a chilling and irrelevant ring. Thereafter, however, with its contributions from fellow-voyagers of the quality of August Courtauld, J. M. Scott and Spencer Chapman, the story ran with a smooth and gathering force, really emphasising, through these speakers, the austere, magnetic, vulnerable, deliberate, explorer's temperament. Thus the end, the silent disappearance of the young leader in the Greenland waters, came fittingly with the slow shock of fact, not as a grand dramatic curtain. *Henry Royce, Mechanic* by C. Gordon Glover, a Midland production by Robin Whitworth, came, in manner, somewhere between the two. It was a quiet and straightforward presentation, very little confused by social or personal interludes, yet providing a fair picture of this retiring and dedicated craftsman.

New Soundings No. 6 resembled a typical number of *New Writing*; you turn the pages with their familiar evocations, rarefied, cosmopolitan, intense; try as you will to admire, no spark is drawn. Then a single item, perhaps two, will hold your attention and give colour to the rest. I much approved of Mr. Lehmann's comments on style; I enjoyed *The Ballad of Culver's Hole* by Vernon Watkins; but I chiefly remember the two unusual stories—*A Sad Event in Literary London* by Arthur Calder-Marshall, and Frank Tuohy's *In the Banana Thicket*. The readers, as usual, were excellent.

There is no room to speak in detail of the many good talks, among them the penetrating and objective report on *The Korean Political Background* by Edgar Kennedy; and *Life Drawing*, an original verbal analysis of the artist at work by John Berger. Geoffrey Grigson's American impressions also deserve note. The three beautifully written talks of this practised speaker show what is rarely found in broadcast accounts of that country by its recent guests: imaginative detachment, the poet's eye, and a sense of historical perspective.

NAOMI LEWIS

London's Greatest Laughter Success is now breaking all records at the NEW GALLERY
Michael DENISON Edith EVANS
Joan GREENWOOD Miles MALLESON
Michael REDGRAVE Margaret RUTHERFORD
Dorothy TUTIN
The IMPORTANCE of BEING EARNEST
Colour by TECHNICOLOR
SPECIAL LOW PRICES
3/3 to 4/3
PLUS
"FATHER UNKNOWN"
(NE DE PERE INCONNU)
MAURICE CLOCHE'S
with GABY MORLAY · NICOLE STEPHANE

THE MOVIES

"The Big Top" and "Hôtel du Nord," at the Continentale
"The Thing from Another World," at the London Pavilion

In *The Big Top* you will encounter circus acts such as don't come the way of Olympia or Islington. Lions riding horses, elephants beating out a dance rhythm, bears roller-skating and motor-biking, a rabbit playing a kettledrum, martens threading a rank of pillars, and cocks crowing over the fox that jumps through a hoop. We shouldn't be surprised, after a while, to find monkeys shaving the beards off goats, or secretary birds taking down dictation. Within the restriction of animal acts, these make some audacious sallies, so that prancing horses and seals juggling, and the trainer putting his (in this case, with a flourish, her) head into the lion's mouth seem commonplace. The chief revelation of this circus is the bear: quite rightly, since the film comes from Russia. Bears, who with us confine themselves to endearing becks and nods, who never (as it were) leave off their slippers, here reveal quite amazing aptitudes. Skates, bikes, motor-bikes aren't their only means: they astound by lying on their backs and with upstretched feet spinning a long horizontal pole as expertly as any toe-juggler. If the function of wild animals in a circus is to amaze—and I can see little other—the bear deserves to be a Merited Artist of the Soviet Union. Mr. Bertram Mills ought to visit the Continentale and think up something about bulldogs: they might raise two claws, for example, and smoke cigars. The horses, the acrobats, and the tight-rope dancers of *The Big Top* are all first class. No attempt has been made to transform this succession of acts into a film; and I have never witnessed a circus more brilliant or more joyless. The applause comes, with mechanical fervour, from an audience almost completely devoid of children.

Our real excuse for this hour in the ring is the accompanying revival of Marcel Carné's *Hôtel du Nord*. Some of our affection for this film may be attributed to the fact that its successor *La Jour se Lève*, no longer exists, having been bought up and destroyed by an American company. *Le Jour se Lève*, one of the masterpieces of the cinema, we shall never see again; still with us is *Hôtel du Nord*. It isn't masterly: of its group—*Quai des Brumes* being the first—it is the least valuable. Nevertheless, how sympathetic, how tense, how poetic it is! French critics tend to dismiss *Hôtel du Nord*, and to exalt such ambitious later failures as *Les Visiteurs du Soir*. What attracts us—the wonderfully detailed and poetic evocation of a corner of Paris, the loneliness of the lamps, the canal lock, the high passenger bridges, the dancing on the quay—they perhaps take too much for granted. I think that M. Jean Queval does so in his *Marcel Carné* (Editions du Cerf, Paris), which has just reached me by post. This is the kind of intelligent, acute criticism which is never accorded our own directors: even when they're worth it.

The Thing from Another World may rather disappoint us. It turns out to be a flying saucer which embeds itself at the north pole and yields up one aviator: not, as Mr. Gerald Heard would have us hope, a two-inch bee, but an eight-foot carrot. The carrot looks remarkably like Mr. Boris Karloff. However, the carrot has a claw which, severed, comes to life on a table, he dispenses seeds that quickly grow into breathing bean-pods, he feeds on blood, he stalks and roars, and when he threatens the human race he can quite simply be electrocuted. How much more intelligent he is than we, the Americans keep exclaiming: but that's not a great deal.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A.I.A. Exhibition at Festival Pleasure Gardens

The Artists' International Association must be congratulated for arranging this show of more than 200 paintings, etchings, lithographs and drawings. The pictures, now hanging on screens between The Fun House and the cinema where the stereoscopic films are shown, are well presented and hung, and the average standard is much higher than in any other outdoor exhibition I have seen. Why do the public accept McLaren's excellent abstract cartoon films and yet stand indignant or puzzled in front of these works most of which are far from abstract? Obviously, partly because the stereoscopic cartoons are a technical novelty, but also because the Film, with all its cinematic conventions, has become a regular part of their lives. They know its place in the everyday scheme of things. If the appreciation of contemporary painting has become something of a religious cult, then a popularly staged exhibition like this is the equivalent of a street-corner meeting of the Salvation Army; it cannot in itself solve any of the fundamental problems, for what is needed is not just a new method of presentation but an entirely new synthesis. I particularly liked *Hammersmith Gladiators*—an etching of corner-boys dirt-track racing on their bikes—by T. Ward, a well organised abstracted painting of rooftops by G. Wain, a sensitive view of a fair by A. Irby, and a self-portrait and still-life by U. Eckhoff. These works seemed to me to have avoided (not self-consciously but because of the patient cultivation of the experiences behind them) the dreary conventions of safe picture-making. I should also like to see more of the work of R. Ellis and to acknowledge my delight in M. Moss's pearly-king picture of the Pleasure Gardens themselves.

J. B.

"The Happy Marriage," at the Duke of York's

Twenty years ago—or more—this comedy might have passed as "daring," very French, you know. Twenty years ago, too, the psychoanalyst was so new a gift for the farce-writer that no trouble had to be taken with him except to bring him on. In our jaded later days, something a little more subtle seems called for. Not even Mr. Charles Lloyd Pack can make us swallow this *médecin imaginaire*. Much better if he had never appeared and Miss Kay Hammond had been given the job which she is quite equal to, of convincing us that she was silly enough to adopt his prescription. This is that she should persuade her husband to the embraces of her best friend (a "transference"); and this is followed by a prescription to the husband that he persuade his wife to the embraces of the best friend's husband. Quite a lot of old-fashioned amusement is squeezed out of this genteel entanglement which never, needless to say, gets beyond a flattered misunderstanding of Mr. Clements' intentions over coffee and brandy by Miss Frances Rowe (neither of their parts is even faintly characterised) and a dutiful, stilted, declaration to Miss Hammond by a loyal but dumb old school friend, nicely taken by Mr. Michael Shepley. The play, in short, is not quite so bad, in either sense, as reports may have indicated. Those whose humour is fixated at the pre-*New-Yorker*-influence *Punch* may be tickled by it.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

LABOUR UNITY

SIR,—Who is responsible for the campaign against the "Bevanites" which has filled the press since Parliament rose?

I left Westminster believing that greater unity had been established in the Party than since the resignations a year ago. Except for the unforeseen and unfortunate incident of the "personal statements" on the constitution issue at the end of the session, we appeared to be moving towards a common policy on some of the major issues which had divided us.

We had agreed that rearmament must be slowed down. We had agreed that German rearmament should be postponed until Russian sincerity on German unification had been tested and the "Attlee conditions" had been fulfilled. We had unitedly deplored American military policy in Korea as reflected in the bombing of the power station on the Yalu river. Some of these decisions did not go as far as a few of us would have liked, but we accepted them as a basis for united advance.

Similar agreement had been reached in the National Executive of the Party. A *unanimous* statement on German rearmament had been issued and this was followed by "interim" statements on Home and Foreign Policy acceptable to "Bevanites" and non-

"Bevanites" alike. Of course there were still plenty of disagreements, but it looked as though the Party were using its period in Opposition to think out a policy which would have the backing of the great majority of members and which would make the Morecambe Conference an occasion for accord rather than division.

But no sooner had Parliament gone into recess than this campaign was launched. It was evidently a planned campaign. With what object? It is difficult to escape the conclusion that this public attempt to smear the Bevanites as a secret conspiracy was deliberately staged to influence voters at Morecambe. There will be many members of the Party who will deplore this tactic at a time when we appeared to be moving forward to a large measure of agreement.

House of Commons. FENNER BROCKWAY

SIR,—Your latest outburst of Bevania will do nothing but add to the confusion in which the Bevanites have placed the Party, and prompts the following questions.

(1) What is the basis for your claim that they might already be a majority of the Parliamentary Party? Surely you know that their actual strength on a straightforward issue is about ten per cent. of the Party. On selected issues you could add a few natural rebels, pacifists, fellow-travellers and disgruntlers, making a grand total of perhaps twenty per cent. Are those of us who support Ernest Bevin's policy on Germany and the "Attlee conditions" now counted as Bevanites?

(2) The next Labour Government, according to you, would include Mr. Gaitskell. Yet a long letter from Mr. Mikardo in your issue of April 19 specifically mentions Mr. Gaitskell as one of those with whom Bevanites could not sit on the Front Bench.

Would you please enlighten us—if possible before Morecambe—does the *N.S. & N.* speak for the entire Bevanite Group, or is there a split there, too.

House of Commons. GEORGE JEGER

[Mr. Mikardo's actual words were: "Bevan and some other back-benchers are now in a much better position than our front bench to oppose some of the Government's policies for the simple reason that we are not tied to defending ex-Ministers at all costs. After the events of last year, it is better to be on a different bench from Gaitskell if you want to attack Butler's inroads into the Welfare State, and on a different bench from Gordon Walker if you want to attack the Government's treatment of Seretse Khama, and on a different bench from Marquand if you want to argue the case for a free Health Service.

"But we shall outlive all this. Before long I expect to see Aneurin Bevan on our front bench, and I expect to see the Party united behind a new, imaginative, inspiring policy."

It is a pity that Mr. Jeger should try to prove his point by such gross distortion.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—This "Bevanism." It seems newspapers pick a cheap and easy slogan and proceed to use it to death, which has the effect of creating sympathy with the victims and revolt against the papers.

If my constituency party is typical of others in the country—and there is no reason why it shouldn't be—the policy as advocated by Bevan has been the main controversial issue for years. As in the Parliamentary Labour Party so in the constituency parties, there are a few members who are content to leave it to the Government, Tory or Labour. Their parrot cry is, "After all, they know far more than we do." Then come the in-betweens, the "floating vote" who listen to debates, sometimes taking part, willing to learn and mostly keeping an open mind. At the top are the members who move and second resolutions, who open debates. They read widely, attend political meetings and conferences, hear all points of view and are sneeringly referred to as the "intelligentsia" or "fellow-travellers" or simply "Reds." Their influence is having its effect as is obvious by the overwhelming number of resolutions from constituency parties on foreign policy, rearmament, election policy, etc., on the agenda for this year's annual conference at Morecambe. We, I am proud to be one of them, sincerely believe that the bi-partisan foreign policy pursued by this Government and the Labour Government when it was in office cannot result in peace. We believe that the only way to combat Communism is by aid to the depressed areas of the world. Unless they get this they will, in time, revolt against their present intolerable conditions and turn to Moscow for help. We are convinced Communism cannot be eliminated by atom bombs or the threat of their use and to continue to spend huge sums on their manufacture will depress still further the living standards of all peoples.

We resent being called "Bevanites." We are Socialists and would hold these views if Bevan did not exist, but nevertheless we are proud there are a number of M.P.s who hold our, the rank-and-file, views. Long may they live and more power to their elbows.

Keston, Kent. L. M. PRINCE

SIR,—It is unfortunate, though perhaps inevitable, that some of my colleagues should have decided to launch a concerted, public attack on the Bevanites as soon as Parliament adjourned. Understandably, they find it difficult to conceal their chagrin about the Opposition's vote on Germany, the growing evidence that the rearmament programme is beyond this country's economic capacity, and Mr. Bevan's congenital tendency to defend himself. But it will be disheartening, to say the least, if recent speeches set the tone for the Morecambe Conference. That Conference has a genuine opportunity to assess the achievements and shortcomings of six years of Labour rule, and an urgent duty to declare to the electors and the world just where British Labour stands on the crucial issues of peace and war, Defence, the Colombo Plan and Point Four, the financing of higher food subsidies, the restoration of a free health service, and the enlargement of the school building programme, to mention only a few points. If every issue, however, is to be presented as a vote of confidence in Mr. Attlee or Mr. Bevan, it can result in nothing but frustration for the average Labour supporter, and the postponement of all important decisions. We cannot live merely by opposing the Tories, which means that we ought to resist the temptation to argue about personalities, and address ourselves to the far more difficult task of working out positive policies.

What is now called Bevanism existed long before Mr. Bevan, and will doubtless continue long after him. As long as the Labour Party remains a broad and undoctrinal party, it will contain agitating minorities which spice its life. Because a mere aggregation of individual dissentients makes no impact upon the highly organised and expertly advised leadership of a modern party, these minorities must focus their endeavours and seek expert guidance for themselves. The existence of such groups implies no disloyalty to elected leaders, nor defiance of Party policy; in fact, their efforts are frequently directed to securing loyalty to established policies. After the rearmament debate last March, the Parliamentary Labour Party accepted the imposition of Standing Orders, and now it is the Right Wing, not the Left which seeks to stretch their interpretation.

The new campaign is concentrating on personalities, principally because some people are obsessed with the alleged danger that Mr. Bevan may become the Party's leader. But the virulence of the present attack stems from the fact that the "floor" has not always meekly accepted the recommendations of the "platform." To attribute this fact exclusively to the existence of a "Party within a Party" is, I believe, a libel on the collective intelligence of Labour M.P.s. Democracy implies that some people must be prepared to be outvoted without snarling.

House of Commons. STEPHEN SWINGLER

SOCIALIST DILEMMA

SIR,—Professor Cole would appear to be running away from certain "facts of life" which have important bearing on the subject which he has discussed. The first of these is the matter of the diversion of our best exporting industries to rearmament. In his pamphlet *Weakness Through Strength*, he proved conclusively that such diversion would make it progressively more impossible for Britain to pay her way. Now he seems to take it for granted that this diversion shall continue. The second is in relation to our exports. He states the obvious fact that we cannot go on importing at anything like the rate we did in 1950 and 1951—in other words, that we cannot maintain the standards of consumption represented thereby—"unless we can increase exports—in an unfavourable world market—to a much greater extent

every busy family needs

the Remington DE LUXE PORTABLE

Mother finds this compact typewriter a real time-saver for personal letters and invitations; father depends on it for club notices and office work done at home or while travelling. The daughter uses it for practice and the son for homework. The de luxe Portable pleases EVERYONE . . . with its smooth, speedy performance, "Big Machine" features, AND lightweight carrying case. Write to-day for illustrated folder. REMINGTON RAND LIMITED, Dealer Wholesale Division (Dept. PR153) 1 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Telephone: CHAncery 8888.

Price £28. 10. 0

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES FOR BOOKS

New, secondhand and rare Books on every subject. Stock of over three million volumes.

Subscriptions taken for British, American and continental magazines and we have a first-class Postal Library.

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)

Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

than seems likely." It would appear, from his silence on the subject, that he has ignored the possibility of increasing our exports in that part of the world where the market is favourable, *i.e.*, in the Socialist part of the world. It is surely very largely because, ever since 1945, we have inadequately exploited the possibilities of that market, that we are in that state of dependence on America of which, he rightly says, we must get rid, and on account of which, he rightly says further, we are always forced, in the final result, to do what the Americans insist on, *e.g.*, exclude ourselves deliberately from the market which offers us salvation. And finally, his reference to the way in which sterling area reserves accruing from the sale of raw materials, *e.g.*, from Malaya, have been "further depleted to meet Great Britain's own deficit," masks the fact that this has been accompanied by an almost corresponding increase of our sterling debts; in other words, that we have been literally robbing our colonies, by extracting what amounts to a forced loan. These would appear to be the hard "facts of life" which Socialists must face, rather than those which Professor Cole has described in his article.

EDGAR P. YOUNG

75 Upper Berkeley Street, W.1.

COOKING THE NEWS

SIR,—The article in your issue of August 2, "Cooking the News," defines with admirable precision the technique of "popular" news-presentation and that of "interview" by telephone, in which the victim has no means of self-defence. Nor can he clear himself of the words wrongly imputed to him if the newspaper which has mis-reported him, refuses to publish a denial.

It would be interesting to know what remedy the opponents of a Press Council would suggest. Would they prefer an amendment to the law which obliged newspapers to publish contradictions and corrections?

May I add that I have always attached the highest importance to "lay" representation on the proposed Press Council and that this was in fact recommended in the Report of the Royal Commission. Unless it contained representatives of the public the Council might well become a cosy Closed Shop, dispensing mutual whitewash on an exchange basis.

VIOLET BONHAM CARTER.

Kensington Church Street, W.8.

AFRICAN RESISTANCE

SIR,—The passive resistance movement of Africans, Indians and Coloured people in the Union of South Africa, referred to in your columns, constitutes a moral challenge to the civilised world and a threat to the continued evolution of the British Commonwealth as a multi-racial association.

Whatever their politics, these people prefer to accept the penalties of unjust laws rather than acquiesce any longer in the injustices and indignities which are increasingly inflicted on them because they belong to one or another section of the human race.

What is going to be the answer of the West, on the one hand, to those who seek to identify "Western civilisation" and "Christianity" with "Apartheid," (and these are by no means confined to South Africa) and to these Africans, Indians and others whose action undermines the moral sanction of the law? Their action is surely consistent with that dignity and worth of the human person which these laws themselves violate. Meanwhile, cannot something practical be done to assist the wives and families of these outlaws while they are in gaol?

32 Tavistock Square, MICHAEL SCOTT
London, W.C.1.

GREEK TRIAL

SIR,—On Thursday next, August 21, my husband, Tony Ambatielos, is to appear before the Revisionary Court Martial in Athens. Appearing with him are many other trade unionists, including the nine who were sentenced to death with him in 1948. Although my husband was elected a Member of the Greek Parliament eleven months ago, he has never been released from prison.

The Greek constitution of 1952 expressly states that "private persons may not be put under the jurisdiction of military, naval or air force courts, except for crimes committed against the security of the armed forces" (para. 2, Art. 97). Although it has never been alleged that these men acted against the security of the armed forces, the Greek authorities still insist on re-trying them before a military court.

I believe, however, that an acquittal can be secured for my husband and his friends if the British people will press for such an acquittal—on a wide scale. This can be done by individuals or organisations sending cables direct to the Greek Premier, Athens.

BETTY AMBATIELOS

CYCLING

SIR,—Had "Critic" wandered along the lanes and byways instead of confining his transit to main roads, he would have found, just as in the old days, many pairs of cyclists riding together easily and pleasantly, chatting as they went on their quiet and unobtrusive way.

He would have found that cyclists are still just as fond of watching the ducks on the village pond, of photographing cottages, churches and the like. He would also have discovered that we do sometimes walk up hills, although well-designed and lightweight bicycles enable us to ride in ease and comfort up many slopes which in the old days we would have walked.

If "Critic" would really like to see how enjoyable present-day cycling can be, I would suggest that he tries a run with one of the sections of the Cyclists Touring Club which cater especially for us older riders. He would find himself amongst cyclists who enjoy to the full the quieter joys of the countryside, folk who are fully aware of the vast difference between unhurried journeying and that fevered transit from place to place which nowadays has usurped the old and honoured name of travel.

It would not be very long before he discovered that many of the younger cyclists are also imbued with that desire for intelligent exploration and mild adventure, the passing of which he somewhat prematurely deplores.

T. F. DOWDEN

13 Beverstone Road,
Thornton Heath.

ART AND SOCIETY

SIR,—May I be allowed to come between my friend Mr. Berger and my colleague Mr. Robertson? It seems to me—though I have no authority to speak for Mr. Berger—that in his article "Masters and Decadents" in your issue of July 26, he expressed by inference a concern with the isolation of the arts from society, which properly arose from the exhibition he was reviewing. I also think that the review contributes to a solution of this problem. Mr. Robertson on the other hand is content with an exhibition of aggressiveness grounded on one or two dubious debating points.

Mr. Berger was considering 20th-century art and 20th-century capitalism. Comparisons with Turner in his 19th-century society and Rembrandt in his 17th-century one, though certainly relevant, can hardly be handled, as Mr. Robertson does, without considering what has happened since to capitalism or to art.

Mr. Robertson asks "Does Mr. Berger really imagine that this 'climate' (*i.e.* of capitalism) has any effect on a really great artist?" Whatever Mr. Berger imagines, I should have thought nothing more certain than that a really great artist is affected by the society he lives in. This seems indeed to me to bring the argument to its crux. Mr. Robertson is content to miss—or dismiss—the devastating futility of the practice of art in isolation in this century, so long as he can count himself among the blessed. Mr. Berger I take to be not so content. I would agree with Mr. Robertson that the Marxist view of the nature of art is wrong. But that does not mean that the opposite view must be right. If Mr. Robertson were not so young I should call him, with his "Art for Art's Sake" a little démodé in 1952.

HUGH SCRUTTON

The Walker Art Gallery,
Liverpool.

WALLPAPER

SIR,—Mr. Aylmer Vallance's charming article on wallpaper ("Tapestry and Images," August 9) was especially interesting to me as it contains something of a challenge which I hope one day to satisfy. "Somebody," he says, "ought to write a sociological history of wallpaper and its designers. . . ." For some considerable time I have been carefully assembling particulars of 18th-century paperhanging makers working in London, and I find that one of these, Thomas Bromwich, of Ludgate Hill, did far more to popularise the use of well-designed wallpaper than John Baptist Jackson, whom Mr. Vallance mentions as supplying "Venetian Prints" to Horace Walpole for the latter's "bijou" residence at Strawberry Hill. Jackson, whose fame rests entirely upon his own eulogistic description of his Chiaro-oscuro papers "painted in oyl," did not, so far as I am aware produce his wallpaper in lengths, as did most of his contemporaries, but in small sheets like prints, some of which, as Mr. Vallance states, were hung in the "little Parlour" at Strawberry Hill, though it seems that these same prints were then completely surrounded by some of Bromwich's stone-coloured Gothic papers.

Bromwich, in Jackson's time, was doing a very big business not only in London but all over the country, and I have evidence to show that his papers were bought by some of the most distinguished people in the land. In 1763, Bromwich was appointed "Paper-hanging Maker in Ordinary to the Great Wardrobe," and, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, left a "genteel fortune" when he died in 1787.

I think Jackson is credited with too much importance as a paperhanging maker and designer. Nancy McClelland, in her book *Historic Wallpapers*, for example, attributed to him some beautiful classical "papers" which afterwards were discovered to be not wallpapers at all but hand-painted frescoes, and now Mr. Vallance in all good faith implies that Jackson's "wallpapers" were used to a great extent in Strawberry Hill, whereas the fact is that Bromwich's wallpapers were used almost exclusively throughout this famous retreat of the "great dilettante."

57 Montagu Square, W.1. E. A. ENTWISLE

NEW MUNGO PARK

SIR,—Reading Basil Davidson is like reading Dr. Mungo Park all over again. Basil describes clearly, succinctly, and, what is greatest in him as in the Great African Explorer, he describes inoffensively a people that lives a way of life different from his own. From my corner of Nigeria I have talked to some of the men who have a strong hand in the running of the affairs of the country to-day. One of them describes Basil as one of those who will marry Britain to the West Africa of the new age. We want to see more of Basil Davidson around here in the near future. We shall take his praise and his perennial wholesome criticism in the spirit most appropriate to both.

Molusi College, Nigeria. TAI SOLARIN

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 8s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 11s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa: South £4. East £4 5s. West £3 15s.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10s.
Hong Kong £5 5s. Australia £6.
New Zealand, £6 10s.
All AIR Subcriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
30, East 60th Street N. Y. 22, N. Y.
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express $17 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland*, 1½*d.*; *Foreign*, 1½*d.*; *Canada*, 1*d.*

Books in General

In the nineteenth century Utilitarian thinkers commonly argued that either the Crown must have no power, in which case it was a waste of money, or it must have some power, in which case it introduced a sinister bias in a true democracy. Stated with various degrees of subtlety, this argument was convincing to most Liberals and Radicals a hundred years ago. A few Conservative thinkers, of whom Bagehot was by far the most original, defended not the power but the glory of monarchy, extolled not its definable functions, but its ceremonial and symbolic, its almost magical, appeal. This psychological approach only gained ground in the last quarter of the century after Disraeli had brought the Queen from her retirement as the Empress of India and the head of an Empire which as late as the Sixties was officially regarded as being, like the monarchy itself, an unnecessary and expensive institution, but which, under the impulse of the world scramble for markets and raw materials, began to be justified on high, moral grounds by Liberal Imperialists. The strange fact is that when the imperialist phase was over, the monarchy remained, immensely, universally popular.

Certainly one factor in preserving the monarchy from the turmoils and exiles and assassinations which troubled the thrones of continental Europe was the moderation of British politics, of both the upper and working classes and of the British monarchy itself. The popular detestation of the sons of Georges and the suspicion of our Teutonic ruling line appeared in an outcrop of bitterness at the beginning of the Crimean war; the Queen threatened to abdicate and Prince Albert was believed to have been imprisoned in the Tower. Republicanism was an active and apparently growing creed in the Sixties and there was a final burst of spleen which led to the retirement of Prince Louis of Battenburg, much to King George's regret, at the outbreak of war with Germany in 1914. There was plenty of explosive material both in international feeling and in democratic theory. Queen Victoria was perfectly conscious of this and though a domestic tyrant, and in the habit of interpreting her constitutional right to advise, to encourage and to warn as a duty to bully, embarrass and harass her Ministers, she was in fact extremely careful to avoid any step which could be dubbed unconstitutional even by her radical critics. Mr. Harold Nicolson's Life of George V* shows that the public has not been deceived in believing that George V used his influence with far more tact and friendliness than his grandmother and with the most sagacious regard for the constitutional limits of his position.

Mr. Harold Nicolson's biography is remarkable amongst official Lives of royal personages in only very occasionally lapsing into conventional phraseology; one smiles with the author and not at him; one is grateful for the omission of those courtly passages which strike the reader as funny or nauseating, according to mood. Mr. Nicolson dwells as little as possible on the trivialities. The one conspicuous omission from his book is an account of the education of Edward VIII and the King's personal relation with his sons. If he could not write freely on the subject, as one can well understand, he was right to omit it. In truth he has not risked character-sketches of living persons—which is a pity in view of the wit of his personal comments. How shrewd, for instance, is his picture of Mr. Baldwin as an "indolent and therefore unassuming man," who never strove to be clever "and therefore conveyed the impression that he never sought to outwit"; who was not "addicted to intellectual analysis," but would "sniff and snuff at problems like an elderly spaniel. Even when sitting at Question Time in the House of Commons he would sniff frequently at the Order Paper in his hand."

Mr. Nicolson ventures no such generalisations about George V. But it is scarcely necessary, for King George was a man whose character is writ clear for anyone who reads a few lines of his boyish letters home or the daily diary in which he wrote, not an account of his feelings and problems, but a log of his voyage, such as he had learnt to keep on board ship when he was a young naval officer. Each extract presents the same absolute banality. Sometimes he made shrewd comments to his Ministers, but his diary merely records the movements of the Court, changes in the weather, notable family events, the persons he had seen and the ceremonies which he had graced. His letters, supplemented by the prudent comments of Canon Dalton, show that he was a lively, affectionate boy, neither clever nor stupid. As an adult he worked hard at his job; when Cabinet papers could be set aside he collected stamps, rode, shot, and read aloud to the Queen. He acquired no aesthetic taste or culture. As he grew older, the habits of the quarter-deck grew stronger. An undeviating routine had to be observed. Woe betide anyone who was late for duty; woe betide everyone if the brasses were not adequately polished for inspection.

I wish we could hope for an equally revealing book about the life of Queen Mary. In an illuminating passage Mr. Nicolson described King George's uncritical and highly sentimental passion for York Cottage, his "glum little villa," darkened by the red cloth ("the material used in those days for the trousers of the French Army") that covered its walls. They were also adorned with reproductions of "the more popular pictures acquired by the Chantrey Bequest."

Mr. Nicolson does not disguise the fact that Queen Mary made considerable sacrifices when she left the wider and more sophisticated interests of continental life for the total philistinism of York Cottage. No doubt there were countervailing advantages in being Queen of England.

Mr. Nicolson rightly deals most fully with the constitutional issues of King George's reign. First, there is the question of King George's influence in foreign affairs; secondly his part in the period before 1914 when the Liberal Party fought its battle with the diehards in the House of Lords and in Ulster, and thirdly, the issues that arose as the result of Labour's two minority Governments and the formation of the National Government of 1931.

In 1912, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother, visited York Cottage. The King reported to Sir Edward Grey that the Prince had asked him "point blank, whether in the event of Germany going to war with Russia and France, England would come to the assistance of the two latter Powers. I answered 'Undoubtedly, yes—under certain circumstances.' He expressed surprise and regret, but did not ask what the circumstances were." Sir Edward Grey replied that it was "very fortunate" that the King had been able to send this warning to the Kaiser. Mr. Nicolson adds that the British Foreign Secretary was over-optimistic, since Prince Henry so watered down the report and so emphasised Britain's desire for neutrality that the Kaiser, only capable of noticing words that were agreeable to him, was led to scribble in the margin of Prince Henry's letter: "Well, that settles it. We can now go ahead with France." Mr. Nicolson comments on the "amazing capacity for incomprehension with which the Hohenzollern family, with all their gifts and virtues, were as a clan afflicted."

Here is the perfect example of the meticulously conscientious behaviour of the King. He conveyed to Prince Henry precisely that degree of doubt about Britain's attitude which was the pivot of Sir Edward Grey's foreign policy. The policy may be criticised, but not the King's endorsement of it. Next, in the issue of Ireland, which dominated all British politics in 1914, King George was confronted with really difficult problems. He had come to the throne at the critical moment in the struggle over the Parliament Act. He had disappointed Tories by giving Asquith a secret and conditional promise to create the necessary number of Peers to coerce the Lords; throughout the long intricacies of the Home Rule Bill he was deeply troubled by the assumption of his Ulster subjects that in the last resort they might rely on the Monarch not to "hand them over to the Pope." We find Lord Stamfordham, stiff (not stuff) shirted, but sagacious and prudent, as always, at the King's elbow, warning him not to take notice of the threats and pleas of anonymous letter-writers and other "extremists."

Re-reading the whole story with the new documentation supplied by Mr. Nicolson, I am impressed, first by the fact that the King was cautious and constitutional in all things but never a "rubber stamp." He regarded it as his duty to mediate, to delay, to search for any compromise that would prevent civil war or the destruction of the Empire. Though he allowed himself to be much perturbed by the frank bullying of Bonar Law, he knew that in the last resort his duty and the interests of the Monarchy demanded that he should take his Prime Minister's advice. It is interesting to speculate whether, if the King had attempted less or had behaved merely as, say, the President of the French Republic would have had to behave in similar circumstances, the result would have been that Ulster would have been coerced by the Liberal Party into accepting a merely autonomous position within a unified and self-govern-

* *King George the Fifth: His Life and Reign.* By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Constable.* 42*s.*

ing Ireland. Probably, the King's personal interventions in search of compromise lengthened the period of bargaining and indecision, with the result that Carson and his friends had more time to organise mutiny and treason.

On other occasions when King George had to play an active part, his responsibility was less personal and clear cut. He has been criticised for not sending for Mr. Asquith and refusing Mr. MacDonald a dissolution in 1924. According to this theory the King should have sought for another possible Ministerial combination before agreeing to an appeal to the people so soon after a General Election and in conditions of minority government. The King took the view, I am sure rightly, that to refuse the first Labour Prime Minister the dissolution he asked for, would be regarded as partisanship and grossly unfair to Labour. Nothing is more striking than his reiterated view that it was his first duty to see that the Labour Party had "fair play." It was part of his training, it was part of his Englishness. It was because he held it so firmly that the Monarchy remained immensely popular even with the politically minded minority in the Labour movement and after the complicated and dubious arrangement that led to National Government in 1931. Even here, where the precise degree of responsibility is hard to determine, I cannot agree with those who have accused the King of unconstitutional conduct, since it must be assumed that he acted throughout on the advice of the Prime Minister.

I disagree with Mr. Nicolson's view of the constitutional position only in one respect; he consistently assumes that there remains to-day in the Crown the right to refuse the Prime Minister a dissolution for which he asks. This right, it seems to me, has lapsed for the same reason as many other discarded items of the prerogative. The only safe rule for the Crown is to follow his Premier's advice, since the alternative always must be to take sides in the Party war and to become involved in Party politics. The interesting cases which have taken place in recent years in the Dominions where the Governor-General, representing the Crown, has not taken the Premier's advice have, in my view, reinforced this conclusion.

In the sixteenth century the British people demanded of the monarchy that it should be strong enough to protect them from robber barons at home and Catholic invaders from without. In the seventeenth century the existence of the monarchy depended on its respect for the law and the House of Commons; the task of the King in the eighteenth century was to maintain the Protestant succession and, in the nineteenth, to set an example of those virtues which a bourgeois society must cultivate if it is to thrive and be rich. In the twentieth century the qualities which the public has expected from the monarchy are first, strictly constitutional behaviour; secondly, precise domestic virtue; and, thirdly, punctilious attention to innumerable duties of the most boring and ceremonial character. A Monarch who failed in these duties could cease to be popular overnight. Given these characteristics there is no respect and affection, this side of idolatry, that the public will not confer on its Sovereign.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

THE MIDDLE STRETCH

Ten Burnt Offerings. By LOUIS MACNEICE. *Faber*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Romantic Landscape. By PAUL DEHN. *Hamish Hamilton*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Galloping Centaur. By FRANCIS BERRY. *Methuen*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

In Mr. MacNeice's new book one has a sense both of a certain occasional inner flagging and of a determined energy conquering it. The relevance of many of the themes of these poems, both to our common problems and to Mr. MacNeice's personal predicaments, is real and complex, but indirect. They are themes of the prose essay: the paradox of Elizabethan culture, the dung and the flower: the harsh roots of modern ethics in Greek and Hebrew guilt and sacrifice: Ulysses and Jacob as twin competing symbols of searching and driven man: Byron as the romantic for whom the conscious pursuit of liberty becomes the unconscious pursuit of death. The sheer range of topics is impressive; but it has a flavour also of the Third Programme Producer with his slightly fatigued fertility in "new approaches." Mr. MacNeice presents the Elizabethans:

> Courtier with the knife behind the smile,
> ecclesiastic
> With faggots in his eyes. . . .

Just the thing for sixth forms, but compare what they said about themselves:

> Say to the Court it glows
> And shines like rotten wood;
> Say to the Church it shows
> What's good, and doth no good.

A wider reach can imply a shallower local penetration. As if aware of the dangers of a stretched thinness, Mr. MacNeice is fecund in metaphors:

> because your laugh
> Is Catherine wheels and dolphins, because
> Rejoice
> Is etched upon your eyes, because the chaff
> Of dead wit flies before you, and the froth
> Of false convention with it. . . .

Nothing could be better than the "Catherine wheels and dolphins." But are the more painful associations of "etched" (a needle on the iris) intended or relevant? Are "chaff" and "froth," themselves examples of conventional dead metaphor, appropriate because of what they refer to—and, if so, is there not still a slight unpleasant clash between the "froth of false convention" and the real and beautiful sea-froth churned up by dolphins?

The ornamentation, in fact, has often the air of not emerging spontaneously from the theme, but of being trailed over it, like roses over a trellis. A trellis, to be sure, would be nothing without roses, but the gaunter outlines of Mr. MacNeice's thought, often coyly half-hidden here, are interesting in themselves. And his language is best where it is barest; the section on Byron in Lowland Scots:

> I maun gang my lane to wed my hurt,
> I maun gang my lane to Hades:

the aside about history:

> . . . the port so loved
> By Themistocles, great patriot and statesman,
> Great traitor five years on . . .:

the statement of the poet's own predicament:

> This middle stretch
> Of life is bad for poets; a sombre view
> Where neither works nor days look innocent
> And both seem now too many, now too few.

Even in these last fine lines there is something to question in the texture. "A sombre view of the situation" is a worn politician's phrase: is it being accepted with a sort of fatigue, or alluded to with a sort of irony? Bareness, at least, seems to be Mr. MacNeice's present growing-point; his danger that facility of the practised writer which is so very different from spontaneity—the temptation to write because one can, not because one must. This volume marks a difficult transition in his development. For all the questions I have raised about it, it still bears witness to his skill, his energy, and his broad and generous human sympathies.

Mr. Dehn's gift is a much slighter one, but it is still at the spontaneous stage. The pleasure he communicates derives largely from the obvious pleasure he takes in writing. He is a collector of perceptions, or, particularly, pieces of London magic: the meeting of grime and green, just beyond the park:

> Where the fluted dustbins lie
> Like broken pillars in the leaves:

the night glitter of the river:

> Here the Embankment glimmers,
> A lemon-grove of lights. . . .

the fairyland of the pubs:

> Life forever amber through
> Half a pint of bitter beer:

"tropic airs" and "green light" and "prehistoric tendrils" in the Fern House at Kew; and the Londoner's dream of home-county lushness:

> Fly-hazed heifer and calf, the white and the
> chestnut
> Hock-deep in the green water under the
> viaduct . . .

The volume also contains a masque, "Call-Over," written for the Fourth Centenary Celebrations at Shrewsbury School. It might easily have been a bore, but in fact blends very skilfully information, uplift, and the wit of a West End revue. Mr. Dehn, who has been compared to Eliot and even Shakespeare, suggests to me, in fact, a Betjeman who is a connoisseur of light and shadow and atmosphere, of impressionist painting, rather than of the minutiæ of architectural history. He is certainly one of the best of our lightweights.

I cannot honestly say so much for the very ambitious collected poems of Mr. Francis Berry, who, though still a young man, has been writing since 1933. Mr. Berry's work has been praised by better critics than myself, Mr. Day Lewis and Mr. Wilson Knight. It displays an undeniable verbal energy, but also a bad taste, in language and imagery, so striking, that possibly I am stupid and it is a kind of positive quality. Here are some examples. An address to London, personified as an old woman:

> Show your parts, Old Woman! open up, and
> show
> Your ramps, O Town—your rumps! bold
> hoary Lass,
> Show us your parts!

A metaphor:

> Attuned and crisply brilliant plays
> That orotund and marvellous tuba—Sun. . . .

A stage in the death of Saint Sebastian:

> Then's clubbed till's jumbled every bone. . . .

A combination of forbidden words (which I represent by xs) with Wardour Street word-order:

> "You noseless xxxxxx,
> Hugging girls," he says, and downs him on
> his xxxx.

It won't do, will it? Or am I being hopelessly sterile and genteel? Some of the longer poems, particularly one called *The Iron Christ*, about an averted war between Chile and Argentina, show a rugged largeness of conception; but the language, for me at least, never ceases to jar. One can at least salute in it, however, a real and astonishing originality. Mr. Berry is wholly himself.

G. S. FRASER

TEACHER'S DEBATE

Freedom and Authority in Education. By G. H. BANTOCK. *Faber*. 18*s*.

Education and the Spirit of the Age. By RICHARD LIVINGSTONE. *Oxford*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. Bantock has written an astringent though rather disjointed critique of what may be vaguely described as "progressive" education. He is aghast, like many another, at the sloppiness of much contemporary educational theorizing, and possessing a keen mind and sharp pen he has a good deal of fun at the expense of well-intentioned but muddle-headed sentiments. If his strictures have the cleansing effect they deserve, they will have been well worth while. But it is to be feared that appeals for logic and precision in educational utterances are no more likely to be heeded than similar appeals for rigour in political debate. Both are provinces where everyone, whatever his qualifications, thinks he has a right to his opinion, and both have their occasions when academic canons do not strictly apply. Yet

First Autumn Books

TO THE HAPPY FEW

Stendhal

Translated by Norman Cameron

Here is the first selection of Stendhal's letters to be translated and published in England. A book of first-class importance which throws fascinating light on the great Frenchman's own personality and the life of his time.

Sept. 4th. 21*s.*

ZORBA THE GREEK

Nikos Kazantzaki

Translated by Carl Wildman

A novel of great wit and vitality by one of the most original authors of modern Greece. Introduced by Ian Scott-Kilvert.

Sept. 4th. 15*s.*

PLACIDIA'S DAUGHTER

Nora Wydenbruck

A moving novel of Rome in the fifth century A.D. by the author of *Rilke : Man and Poet*. *Sept. 4th.* 12*s. 6d.*

THE LUDWIGS OF BAVARIA

Henry Channon

A reprint in the Library of Art and Travel of a famous book. *Illus. Aug. 28th.* 15*s.*

WHITE JACKET

Herman Melville

With an introduction by William Plomer.

Aug. 28th. 12*s. 6d.*

JOHN LEHMANN

The most discussed novel of 1952 is

Angus Wilson's

HEMLOCK AND AFTER

"Its relentless courage . . makes Hemlock and After one of the three or four English novels which have impressed me most since the end of the war. It will make it the most discussed novel of 1952."
—J. D. Scott in *New Statesman*.

"Will rank with 'Vile Bodies.'"
—F. Laws in *News Chronicle*.

"The most important English novelist to come forward since the late war."
—A. Calder Marshal in *The Listener*.

"Outstanding."
—John Betjeman in *Daily Telegraph*.

12s. 6d.

Russell Warren Howe

THE LIGHT AND THE SHADOWS

Short Stories.

"Howe in his first book follows very successfully in the footsteps of Somerset Maugham."—*Sunday Times*. **12s. 6d.**

SECKER & WARBURG

His devotees weigh him in *diamonds!*

THE BIOGRAPHY OF PERHAPS THE MOST FABULOUS CHARACTER OF OUR DAY . . .

THE

Aga Khan

PRINCE · PROPHET · SPORTSMAN

by STANLEY JACKSON

(Author of "The Life and Cases of Mr. Justice Humphreys")

Told for the first time in all its astonishing detail—the full story of probably the most fabulous character of our day and of a career which, for its colourful contrasts of East and West, of tradition and sophistication, has few parallels in any age! The author has had unique opportunities of studying the Aga Khan's many-sided personality. In pages full of authentic anecdotes we meet the Prophet, 49th in direct descent from Mohammed—the multi-millionaire—the owner-trainer who took up the Turf as a hobby and made two million pounds from his bloodstock—the shrewd diplomat—the international socialite—the politician. Here is a vivid, unconventional and often controversial narrative that never relaxes its interest for a single moment. Illustrated.

Just published **15s.** NET

". . . deserves to be widely read and I have no doubt it will be . . ."
SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE.

ODHAMS

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

Togoland

Administration under United Kingdom Trusteeship during 1951, as reported to the United Nations.

(Colonial No. 284) 10s. (10s. 4d.)

British Dependencies in the Caribbean & North Atlantic 1939-1952

Fourth of a series of quinquennial regional surveys of British Colonial development.

(Cmd. 8575) 3s. 6d. (3s. 8d.)

Overseas Economic Surveys

Recent additions to this well-known series :

Peru 3s. 6d. (3s. 8d.)
Guatemala 1s. (1s. 1½d.)

Prices in brackets include postage.

H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE

York House, Kingsway, London W.C.2; 423 Oxford Street, London W.1 (Post Orders: P.O. Box 569, London S.E.1); 13a Castle Street, Edinburgh 2; 39 King Street, Manchester 2; 2 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3; 1 St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; Tower Lane, Bristol 1; 80 Chichester Street, Belfast.

OR THROUGH ANY BOOKSELLER

A REVOLUTIONARY BOOK ON SEX!

DR. RUDOLF VON URBAN'S

Sex Perfection

A New Approach to the Sex-Life of Mankind

Physician, psychiatrist, sexologist, the author was one of Freud's first pupils. **Dr. Kenneth Walker,** *in his Foreword :* "It is a work which should be of as great interest to the lay reader as to the medical man."

"There are documented examples for all his theories and there is nothing frivolous or coarse . . ."—*Daily Mirror*. ***Just out. 18s.***

★

ASTROLOGICAL WARFARE AGAINST THE AXIS!

LOUIS DE WOHL'S

Stars of War and Peace

Hitler conducts war by astrology—Capt. de Wohl sets up Astrological War Bureau for British High Command—anticipates Allied victories, Matapan, Alamein, and the Atom Bomb—when the bomb may be used again—practical astrology without the "bunk"—what the future may hold for you—how to cast your own horoscope and those of your friends. ***Ready Next Thursday. Illus. 20s.***

★

"SCIENCE-WITHOUT-TEARS"—*Evening News*

Borderlands of Science

by ALFRED STILL

"He has written . . . about every lovely illusion with which humanity has flirted—and which scientists are slowly beginning to recognise."—*Sunday Times*.

"Very interesting indeed . . . I can recommend it."—Gerald Bowman, *Evening News*. ***20s.***

★

DRACULA by **BRAM STOKER**

Over 1,000,000 copies sold! "A perennial best-seller that continues to make news."—*The Bookseller*.

"The weirdest of weird tales."—*Punch*. ***Now available at 6s.***

★

"THIS EXTRAORDINARY BOOK"
—*Manchester Evening News*

The Great Beast

The Official Biography of Aleister Crowley

by JOHN SYMONDS

". . . the story of a man who deliberately chose Evil."—*Sunday Pictorial*.

". . . all the information about him which the laws of libel and obscenity permit."—*News Chronicle*.

4th Impression. *Illustrated.* **21s.**

★

"CAPTIVATING READING"—*Times of India*

Autobiography of a Yogi

by PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA

"Whatever opinion you may form about the achievements he mentions you will agree that his account of Yoga is fascinating."—*Manchester Daily Dispatch*.

2nd Impression. *Illustrated.* **21s.**

★

A New Brunton Book!

Paul Brunton's new book, ***"The Spiritual Crisis of Man"*** (previously announced as "The Inner Meaning of the World Crisis") will be ready in the autumn. His ten other works which earned him the title of "the world's most widely read authority on Yoga" sell in over a dozen languages.

Send 1½d stamp to Desk 22 for latest catalogue and Rider Book Club particulars.

11, Stratford Place — RIDER — London, W.1.

teachers at least and that large body of professional "educationists" should scrutinize their doctrine and be aware of the implications of what they say and do. Perhaps Mr. Bantock will stimulate them to do so.

Admitting that the movement towards "child-centred" education has not been wholly perverse—the happiness it has let into the schools is a gain and so is the greater knowledge and attention paid to the psychology of childhood—Mr. Bantock accuses it of undermining the teacher's authority and encouraging a feckless and ignorant freedom. The teacher's authority is dual. It is derived from the organization of the school community (in the last resort a teacher is neither appointed nor dismissed by his pupils) and also from the importance of the subject he teaches. He is an agent for the transmission of a body of knowledge or a tradition, something before which the learner and the ignorant should be humble. The freedom modern educational methods are alleged to foster issues in a superficiality and egocentricity which Mr. Bantock finds characteristic of this age. Freedom, he argues, is worthless if you know nothing of the possibilities, and an inkling of these is only to be had by discipline, application and firm guidance. Further—and here this discussion becomes less clear—"there is a greater human dignity involved in a *rightful* submission than in all the egocentric assertion of self which a superficial age so encourages." He calls three witnesses to the validity of this important doctrine—Matthew Arnold, Cardinal Newman and D. H. Lawrence—and cross-examines them for the space of about half his book, but the evidence of such an ill-assorted trio is no more mutually supporting than one would have supposed.

A respect for learning and an understanding of the culture of the greatest men in our tradition is an admirable educational aim—for some. Many, however, are incapable of journeying very far along that road or are condemned to walks of life in which such aspirations would stand them in no stead. Education has now been universal in Great Britain for some years but a satisfactory formula is still to seek for those, perhaps the great majority, who cannot profit from the old well-tried ideals. Some of the theories and practices Mr. Bantock guys in the critical chapters of his book are honest attempts to find the right alternative. One may agree with him that they are not successful but it is not to his credit that he shelves the difficulty they recognize, making no more than two or three uneasy references to it throughout his whole study. It is not enough to be told that,

> Not all can profit equally from the tradition, but higher and lower natures can come equally to a fulfilment, can attain a valid resting place in terms of an acceptance of that *other*, outside self, which the acceptance of an authoritative hierarchy in learning and comprehension permits.

It is not enough, at least, without a deal of elucidation.

Sir Richard Livingstone's short book, containing lectures he delivered recently in America, gives a now familiar description of the ills of our time which he traces to the solvent effect of liberalism and rationalism on accepted beliefs and standards. He has two main recommendations to make, both at University level: to break the ascendancy of the analytical approach to studies which pervades arts as well as scientific faculties, and to give every undergraduate some philosophy, on the presumption that he will then see the necessity of grounding his conduct in principle. His book contrasts in tone with Mr. Bantock's. Sir Richard writes from the very centre of the tradition Mr. Bantock looks to. His book is full of learning lightly worn, it is persuasive not controversial, and has none of the other's restless worrying of the truth, a sign of the very analytic spirit he rejects.

T. J. O. HICKEY

MICHEL ZÉRAFFA

One of the great novels of our time
Translated by J. M. Cohen
544 pages. 15s.

The Living and the Lost

★

PETER VANSITTART

Whose last novel (*Broken Canes*) was so highly commended by the New Statesman. His new book is a more substantial work, and the most important he has written.
12s. 6d.

Verdict of Treason

★

MARCEL AYMÉ

The story of a Paris house and the people who live in it, told with his unique blend of fantasy and wit. 11s. 6d.

The House of Men

HOW PERON RULES

The Peron Era. By ROBERT J. ALEXANDER. *Gollancz*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Bloody Precedent: The Peron Story. By FLEUR COWLES. *Frederick Muller*. 15*s*.

It is hard to fit the Peron regime into neat European categories. Though it has many affinities to Fascism, especially the Italian and the Spanish form, though it is characterised by a mixture of militarism and repression, and though it has capitalised on nationalist resentments, it differs substantially from Fascism as we now think of it. For it survives not so much by force and terror and fraud—though these are important—as by the organised support of most of the Argentine working class. What Peron has done is to adapt and develop the technique of the "false revolution" which was used effectively by the National Socialists in Germany. Peron did not need to falsify the last election. He won without stealing votes. And he won because he has carried through enough overdue social reforms and met enough of the traditional nationalist demands to carry a majority with him, for the moment.

It would be a crude distortion to talk of Argentine "Fascism" as the executive committee of big business and the ruling class. For Peron is opposed by the old bourgeois business party—the Radicals—and by a large section of the old agrarian ruling class—the Conservatives. His support comes from a new business group, which has prospered under his benevolence, from the Army, and from the Argentine workers. He was clever enough to see that the old ruling class was incapable either of giving way to the growing demand for social progress (including the development of Argentine industry) or of meeting the nationalist clamour for economic and political independence. For this class lived by the traditional semi-colonial relationship with Britain. By marrying social and national discontent, Peron assumed control of the frustrated revolution.

Professor Alexander's book is the first coherent study of these events to appear in this country. He has visited Argentina, and has a wide personal and academic knowledge of Argentine problems. His book is lively, sensible and extremely well arranged.

Since Mr. Alexander is concerned to bring out the curious relationship between both the Perons and Argentina's under-privileged and hitherto unorganised workers, much of his book is taken up with a detailed study of Argentine labour. I know of no other account which shows so clearly and simply how Peron has transformed himself from the mere leader of a military cabal into a mass hero. This evolution deserves close study, for it may well be the prototype of others. There is much more of real value in Mr. Alexander's interesting book. The analysis of Peron's State—the changed position of the Church, of education, of the armed Services—and of the changing pattern of the Argentine economy is clear and convincing, and gives grounds for serious anxiety.

The second part of Mrs. Cowles' lively book covers much the same ground, though she writes as an indignant journalist and not as a scholar. She is at her best when she describes her interviews with Eva Peron, and when she sketches a convincing picture of the social disintegration and the internal pressures of Peron's Argentina. These books complement each other well. The first is a sober analysis; the second is a vivid impression, in which Mrs. Cowles makes no attempt to conceal her distaste for Peronism. She has also produced a clever historical parallel between the Perons and the couple who gave Argentina its first dictatorship—Juan Manuel de Rosas and his ruthless and able wife, Encarnacion. More than half her book is devoted to an account of the Rosas period, just over a century ago, in which no similarity between the Perons and their predecessors is missed. For those with a taste for such parallels, this is an exercise which should not be overlooked.

Now Eva Peron has died, leaving her husband the choice between her loyal proletarian *descamisados* and the Army which made him. Encarnacion left Rosas a similar choice, and he chose wrongly. It will be fascinating to watch Peron's attempt to break out of the net of difficulties which has begun to encircle him.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

NO FRUSTRATE MASTERPIECE

Lesbia Brandon. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Together with an historical and critical commentary being largely a study (and elevation) of Swinburne as a novelist. By RANDOLPH HUGHES. *Falcon Press*. 35*s*.

Students of Swinburne have long been curious about his unprinted pieces in the Wise collection, and in particular about the unfinished novel *Lesbia Brandon*. Their curiosity is now satisfied—more than satisfied. Mr. Randolph Hughes has edited the novel with commentary and notes which leave little more to be said about the history of this remarkable document. He has established the text and cleared away confusion due to Wise's incompetent arrangement of the MS. The preparation of the book (marred by too many misprints) was, as its sub-title indicates, clearly a labour of love: one, indeed, in which the author is nigh smothered by his editor's attentions. One additional attention, however, we would have welcomed. The work (according to Wise) contains three illustrations by Simeon Solomon. These might have been mentioned in the description of the MS, and in a definitive edition it would have been of interest to include the contribution of an artist so intimately connected with Swinburne.

Lesbia Brandon was begun by 1864 and in 1877 Swinburne had it set up in type: sets of the galleys survive. That it never achieved publication was, it seems, owing to the intervention of Watts-Dunton, and for once we can applaud the good sense of that maligned figure. It was to be, Swinburne told Sir Richard Burton, a sort of *étude à la Balzac* plus the poetry, and at the same time more offensive and objectionable to Britannia than anything he had yet done. We

cannot take very seriously the results of this childish desire to shock. Swinburne was no Balzac, but the poetry is certainly there—in description of moorland and in some superb seascapes. The sea never failed him as a source of inspiration, and here he is writing from reminiscence of his own Northumbrian boyhood at Capheaton. Apart from this there is little in plot, characterisation or dialogue that merits serious consideration as literature. This is a literary curiosity, for a special public perhaps worth the care and scholarship that has been spent on it, but no "frustrate masterpiece." To make large claims and elevate Swinburne to a place among the greater English novelists is absurd.

A death-bed scene is praised as "one of the most beautifully sad and moving things in literature." Some readers may find it slightly ridiculous. The heroine, in love with the hero's sister who cannot return her passion, commits sad slow suicide with the help of Eau-de-Cologne and opium. The doctors have given up all hope. And small wonder; for during the progress of her ramblings Lesbia continues to help herself at intervals to further doses of the potion. Flagellation, obviously, is a dominant theme—reinforced by the editor with liberal quotation from the unpublished whipping poems. Passion is rendered in the manner of those Poems and Ballads which have least well stood the test of time.

> He bent down swiftly and seized her; their open lips in meeting shut and stung each other. . . . Lifting his head a little, he plunged his face into the relaxing heaps of her massive hair, kissing it with all his might and heart, crushing his lips upon the ripples in it, draining out of it the perfume of hot and hidden honey.

What the schoolboy might call "hot-stuff", but not the kind of Swinburne on which a judicious criticism would base its estimate of a great writer.

This bulky volume, one-third Swinburne and two-thirds editor, raises another question—that of the value of relevance, restraint and urbanity in literary controversy. That Mr. Hughes scorns a generation which can see merit in Pound, Eliot and Auden is his own affair and little to the point. That he collectively trounces the great majority of his predecessors in the Swinburne field as grossly incompetent, shockingly ignorant and without sense of letters, and warns off anyone who thinks of entering the lists in their defence—this calls for some protest alike on the score of good manners and common sense. Everyone now knows well enough, if not so amply as Mr. Hughes, the defects of Wise and Gosse as editors. On Gosse "old-maidish" is fair comment, but to refer to the "brutish demands of this dullard, insufficiently educated and slack in the obligations of any scholarship better than bogus" is offensive, and merely to spoil a possibly good case by overstatement. Long ago Dryden (himself no mealy-mouthed opponent) told us it was easy to call a man fool or knave; he added that the nicer touches of satire consist in fine raillery.

JOHN BRYSON

A NEW LOOK AT THE G.O.M.

Gladstone and Liberalism. By J. L. HAMMOND and M. R. D. FOOT. *English Universities Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This short study of Gladstone's contribution to English Liberalism traces in detail Gladstone's "long and fruitful career," often losing itself in general narrative: it rarely examines systematically the clashing components in the Gladstonian Liberal party or the differences, which Morley stressed, between English and Continental Liberalism. A somewhat cryptic comment in the *Note on Books* describes Morley's *Life* as "a splendid literary achievement . . . but not quite true in its perspectives": it is not clear what new perspectives emerge in this picture.

The best parts of the book deal with Gladstone's approach to foreign policy. Although at the end of his life Gladstone gave foreign affairs a minor share in the development of his political opinions and claimed that they merely "contributed to forward the action of more continuous home causes" in turning him away from the inherited Toryism of his youth, it is clear that in 1859, when he made his decisive choice of party, it was "the great Italian question" which was in the forefront of his mind. He was prepared to take office under Palmerston, whom he distrusted more than Disraeli, "simply because the Italian issue had become the predominant one in the politics of western Europe." Dr. Hammond and Mr. Foot show how Gladstone constantly preoccupied himself with the need "to develop and mature the action of a common or public or European opinion as the best standing bulwark against wrong." Eventually, when Ireland began to dominate English politics, Gladstone saw that issue too in its European perspective. The doctrine of self-determination for small groups was fundamental in his foreign policy. He failed to see that there was no necessary connection between nationalism and liberalism and that the success of his ideas might lead not to a new and active concert of Europe but to the emergence of powerful and expansionist nation States.

Gladstone was less sensitive to the social rights of weavers in Lancashire or miners in Lanarkshire than to the civil rights of the peoples of "hill villages in Afghanistan." He was often lost in what the authors call "the drab intoxication of Treasury figures and in petty plans for saving money" and he was never tempted by the pipe-dreams of an expensive radicalism. More than once "as a Peelite, he looked back wistfully to his old party as a lost Eurydice." "The key to my position," he once said, "was that my opinions went one way, my lingering sympathies the other." Despite such plaintive twinges of memory he usually contrived to reach a position of profound inner conviction. This was because, as Dr. Hammond and Mr. Foot suggest, "the political truths that guided him never came to him at second hand, but were reached by the processes of a powerful and original mind."

The most interesting question about English Liberalism is how and why it discovered in such a man its greatest leader, a towering political personality who came to command more support and passionate loyalty than any other nineteenth-century statesman. This central question is raised in the Introduction to this book, but the formal chronology of the later chapters erects a barrier to its effective answer. It is a tragedy that Halévy stopped short at the beginning of Gladstone's career and did not resume his story until just after Gladstone had retired from politics.

ASA BRIGGS

NEW NOVELS

The Living and the Lost. By MICHEL ZÉRAFFA. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

No Name in the Street. By KAY CICELLIS. *Harvill Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Moon in Scorpio. By ROBERT NEILL. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Lazy Ones. By ALBERT COSSERY. *Peter Owen.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

I shall remember M. Zéraffa with awe as the man who tried to dis-existentialise Sartre, as a fabulous lamb who borrowed the lion's tooth and claw, and then refused to lie down with him. He uses the comparatively innocuous weapons that the Master had commandeered from American writers of lesser genius, and made in his gnarled grasp so lethal. Here are the montage, the streams of consciousness, the slang, the parallel narratives in which, whenever one character does something, we are told what all the other characters are doing at that moment, and that meanwhile "a gaunt Englishman was returning to London with German counter-proposals." At third hand these devices are as harmless as ever, and perhaps M. Zéraffa intends them to be so. He takes the exterior theme of *Les Chemins de la Liberté*, the shaping of a group of characters by Munich, the Fall of France, the Occupation, the Resistance, the Liberation (for he throws in the probable contents of M. Sartre's still unpublished last volume),

MR. PRESIDENT
THE STORY OF
HARRY S. TRUMAN
PRESENTED BY
WILLIAM HILLMAN

[1] "A biography and a most entertaining and, in places, engrossing one."
[2] "A human story . . . its humanity is excellently illustrated."
[3] "It is for the revelation of what manner of man is President . . . that the book will find and deserve readers."
[4] "Warmly recommended to anyone who wants to understand America."
[5] *All points made by* D. W. BROGAN *in his magnificent review in the Spectator.*"

36 illustrations. 21*s*

3 MAJOR HISTORICAL NOVELS

PETER BOURNE
Gateway to Fortune
A lusty and spectacular novel of the building of the Panama Canal by the author of *Black Sage*. "It never flags." *Star.* 15*s*

ROBERT NEILL
Moon in Scorpio
His new novel of the Popish Plot, rapidly becoming a nation-wide seller, is "so good that it is impossible to set a limit to what Mr. Neill may achieve as a historical novelist." *Recorder.* 12*s* 6*d*

URSULA BLOOM
Twilight of a Tudor
All her craft as a writer is used in this study of Henry the Eighth and his wives. By the author of the outstanding historical novel *Pavilion*. Aug. 21 10*s* 6*d*

1st large impression sold
2nd impression available
RICHARD CHURCH
His new novel
THE NIGHTINGALE
10*s* 6*d*

BEWICK'S BIRDS
Brought up to date by
PHYLLIS BARCLAY-SMITH
with verses by TESSIMOND
Over 170 reproductions from Bewick's *The History of British Birds* with a foreword and up-to-date commentary by Phyllis Barclay-Smith, with many verses by Tessimond and with additional decorations from Bewick. 10*s* 6*d*

ALL PRICES ARE NET
Hutchinson

and turns it into an idyll. M. Sartre believes that individual freedom—the moment of choice that is also the moment of truth—can only be reached through a personal battle with the forces of history. M. Zéraffa makes the same data prove the opposite: that human values are permanent, and that history, whether it obscures them or gives them an opportunity of dramatic enactment, is essentially irrelevant. His characters—Georges, the student intellectual with too little money, Pierre, the ambitious civil servant with too much, Renée, the consumptive typist, Jeanne, the village school-mistress—meet early in the novel without apparent result. They move through the events of our time, swimming with the boiling stream of history, making love and war, only to realise by process of elimination that their instant of union was the most important event of their lives: because then, precisely, they were offered a glimpse of life outside history, of the non-political, humanist values of friendship and being alive. There are no "roads to freedom"—freedom is where we are, and to travel is to move away from it.

M. Zéraffa has the originality of the young and immature: he discovers for himself a group of temporarily unpopular platitudes, and fearlessly proclaims them as truth in the face of a great writer and philosopher. *The Living and the Lost* is a long novel, crowded with detail and incident which almost succeed, by their sheer quantity and quality, in filling the gaps left by their own arbitrariness. It is a work of almost no power, but of very considerable charm, beauty and innocence.

So unreal is the Greek city, so vague the boy, so nebulous the clique of clannish contemporaries into which he disastrously succeeds in introducing himself, that it is surprising to find on looking back that Miss Cicellis' eagerly awaited first novel has been, in its dim way, so vivid an experience. The hero, Gregory, has one month in which to live, before his family banishes him to seek his fortune in the factory of a North German uncle. But the little band, which he makes his symbol of life, is far from sure of its own existence. These young people live by creating arbitrary situations, which they examine with an eloquence that illuminates only endless possibilities of further dilemmas. They subsist on a myth: the myth of their corporate childhood, of their adventures in the Resistance, of their lost members—Annely, the girl who died, Emmanuel, the man who went away. They continue to visit Odyssean islands, to sit every evening in the Trophonian cave of Mario's café, to give parties as impenetrable as the Eleusinian mysteries, because these ceremonies re-enact the myth; but they are deliciously aware of their own despair. Gregory is clever enough to imitate them by surpassing them, by always going one better; but he inserts himself only too irrevocably. When the girl Maya offers him the real love that can only be bought by their mutual sacrifice of the myth, he indignantly refuses, and his prosaic departure for Germany is hailed with enthusiasm as the most wonderful absurdity since the disappearance of Emmanuel. In so far as embalmment in the myth is eternal life, he will live for ever.

His fate would be more satisfying if one could feel that Miss Cicellis dissociated herself from it, that she had not chosen her characters because they are going or rather eddying, her way. *No Name in the Street*, with all its strangeness and exquisiteness, lacks the extra dimension which is projected when the novelist is perpendicular to the novel.

Moon in Scorpio, a new work by the author of *Mist over Pendle*, describes Papist and Whig counterplotting in London and Lancashire in 1679, the year after Oates's conspiracy. It will please readers who like their historical novels to be written in good English, with a backing of scholarship and a decent regard for the dignity of history. Mr. Neill has a feeling for beauty of colour and rhythm, but these virtues neither prevent nor offset a general miasma of make-believe and a tiresome, magazinish love-story.

M. Albert Cossery is a young Egyptian who writes in Paris, and of whom more will probably be heard. *The Lazy Ones* is the serious farce of an idle family: the aged father, who at all costs must be prevented from re-marrying, the eldest son drowned in pathological sleep, the middle son captive to a prostitute, "the students' friend", the youngest accepting the love of their libidinous servant-girl, yet freeing himself to leave home and go to the city—an allegory, no doubt, of the contemporary renaissance-revolution of the Middle East. Here are completely unfamiliar social types and structures, described in writing of distinguished maturity. M. Cossery has fused two cultures, and knows his countrymen both from outside and within; he views the land of the Arabian Nights like a far-sighted muezzin on the spire of Saint-Germain-des-Prés.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Fruit in the Seed. By MARGARET LEIGH. *Phoenix House.* 9s. 6d.

Fifteen years ago Miss Leigh published *Highland Homespun* which, written on the kitchen table after hard days' work, recorded a year's progress on a croft in Wester Ross. It remains one of the very best books about the Highlands. Now, in her new book she charts another, longer progress—from a Church of England home in pre-1914 Oxford to the Carmelite convent which she entered in 1950. The experiences of the earlier book—and of the others that she wrote about farming in the Highlands and Cornwall—are now seen in perspective, as incidents in "a long, bitter and unavailing struggle against the love of God." The natural beauty to which in her farming years she was so responsive, now appears as a barrier; she relates that, not long after her first interview with a priest, she suddenly felt the disappearance of all delight in the natural world. This was to her no loss, for she felt in its place an acute consciousness of the love of God; but it leads her to the questionable statement that the co-existence in the same soul of "an intense perception of natural and supernatural beauty . . . can happen on a level only accessible to saints."

It is a touching story that she relates, with little self-pity: of the lonely imaginative child whose father died young, whose mother was almost too loving, of the lonely intellectual Somervillian made melancholy by a loss of faith, of the University lecturer who only came to life on vacations in Cornwall, and finally of the farmer, glorying in her constant physical struggle, but still feeling herself incomplete. Yet the reader is left with the impression of human failure rather than of divine pursuit, for Miss Leigh does not manage to convince us, as she herself is convinced, of a purpose at work in all these frustrations and false starts. We can understand the human feelings and reasons that led her to this step more easily than the sense of superhuman compulsion. But she does convince us that for her, as things turned out, the life of a contemplative Carmelite could offer a fulfilment and content which she had never found as daughter, don, or farmer.

Portrait of a Flying Yorkshireman. Letters from ERIC KNIGHT in U.S. to PAUL ROTHA in England. Edited by PAUL ROTHA. *Chapman & Hall.* 18s.

Eric Knight was equally at home in his native England and in the United States of his adoption, which meant that he appeared to be at home in neither place, unless you met him abroad. His American reputation depended upon his short stories and novels about English life, *The Flying Yorkshireman* and *This Above All*. To an Englishman, this aspect of his work was phoney, or rather, was presented with an American accent. On the other hand, what he wrote of the United States appears to an Englishman far more intelligible than what most Americans write about their country. He was, in fact, a skilful interpreter, whose imagination translated our life into an idiom capable of being understood by the Americans and *vice versa*. Born in Yorkshire, migrating to the States at the age of fifteen, returning to Britain to fight in the "Princess Pat's" and then going back to America after the first world war, he drew his influences from both sides of the Atlantic. In politics he was an international, non-sectarian radical, with great faith in the New Deal.

He wrote to Rotha first in 1932. Their correspondence lasted, with a few interruptions, until Knight's death in an air crash in 1943. As might be expected, a great deal of this correspondence is devoted to films, film gossip, film-history and film-values. (Knight made his greatest original contribution to films in the script which he wrote for Rotha's *World of Plenty*). But his accounts of Hollywood, of the background of American politics which remains fairly constant despite the dramas enacted in the foreground, and his portraits and sketches of American life are vivid and still informative. The Flying Yorkshireman also paints his own portrait, that of the individualist who sees below the party slogans and, with all the righteous indignations which are the solace of non-conformists, generalises for and not against humanity.

Though the needs of its customers vary greatly the Westminster Bank gives to all of them the same personal attention and a welcome which in no way depends on the size of the transaction. The Manager at any branch will gladly tell you how easy it is to open an account

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

CIVIL LIBERTIES IN U.S.A.

Special issue of the N.Y. NATION on CIVIL LIBERTIES (64pp). Orders are now being taken, 1s. 6d. post free. Copies will be dispatched whenever available. "It is devoted to a strictly objective and factual account of the attack on Civil Liberties in many branches of American life" *Critic.*

Publisher, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Hand Built **RADIOGRAMOPHONE** Equipment
INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION AT A REASONABLE COST
EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY STANDARDS
UNIVERSAL ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS
36, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1
WELbeck 4058

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examinations; B.Sc. Econ., LL.B. and other external London University Degrees, **Civil Service, Local Government and Commercial Examinations**, etc.
Also expert postal tuition for **Prelim. Exams.** and for the professional exams. in **Accountancy, Secretarship, Law, Sales Management**, etc., and many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

MORE THAN 58,000 POST-WAR EXAMINATION SUCCESSES!

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Textbook lending library. Moderate fees payable by instalments. Write to-day for prospectus, sent **FREE** on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
(DI/4) ST. ALBANS *or call*, 30, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4

The Bay. By GILBERT KLINGEL. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The BAY, of whose inhabitants Mr. Klingel writes with considerable literary charm, is the long almost land-locked "Chesapeake" which washes the much-indented coast of Maryland and Virginia. His book deals mainly with the marine fauna, but there is also something about birds, and there is an excursion into the bay's geological past. Mr. Klingel is in the august tradition of those naturalists who not only inspire confidence in the accuracy of their observations, but who also know how to communicate to their readers something of their own excitement and enthusiasm. This by no means common gift makes it but a small matter that most of the marine creatures of which he writes are unlikely to cross the path of English seaside visitors. The book can, in fact, be read very much for its own sake. The reader's only regret will be that the illustrations—slight and quite pretty black-and-white sketches—are hardly worthy of the admirable text.

A Dictionary of Theatrical Terms. By WILFRED GRANVILLE. *André Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The usefulness of this book may be judged by the following entry: "*Coup de théâtre.* A play that is an immediate success and will be certain of a long run. Literally a *theatre stroke* (of luck)."

The Best of Boulestin. Edited by ELVIA and MAURICE FIRUSKI. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

And admirable indeed! This selection from his many cookery books—many now out of print—takes us from Basic Preparations to Salads and Desserts, and on the way we have learnt how to make an omelette (a classic last word on this subject), how tarragon will lend a fancy to chicken, how cucumbers (at their best, he says, in England) may be served stuffed or with sauce, parsley butter, gravy, cream, how cabbage may surprise, and mutton sparkle. So commanding is his sense and easy his appeal that we take his word for a Maltese Curry "better than any you will find in India": certainly to the eye it tastes wonderful, an affair of onions and tomatoes, peach, apricot, sweet pepper. Two eggs are stirred in. This is not quite beyond our means but the cream, truffles, brandy, etc., on other pages seem lyrics from a Romantic past.

Boulestin's literary sense was almost as fine as his culinary. He started as a writer, dogged perhaps by a too happy childhood. After, like Mrs. Beeton, finding his avocation in cookery, he came back to literature "by the kitchen door." His general advice, his disquisitions about living, his good taste, wit, choice of anecdote, and mingling of the simple and the refined have an untrampled charm. Even those who have no care for or distrust good cooking would find pleasure in the memories and reflections italicised from time to time through the book. In fact the autobiographical fragments reprinted here by Elvia and Maurice Firuski (who have done their task of editing well) make our mouths water no less than the dishes they introduce.

Queen Anne's American Kings. By RICHMOND P. BOND. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

The "Kings" in question are four Iroquois sachems who were brought to London for a month's visit in 1710. Professor Bond was set on their trail by a *Spectator* essay in which Addison refers to the recent visitors; "and the sport lay in remarking how what would lead where." It was an interesting idea, and Professor Bond deserves to have had more luck in his quest. The 50 pages of notes, to support a mere 90 of text, show that he has ransacked a mass of sources. He has been able to correct previous historians on minor points, has thrown a little more light on the disappointing progress of the Spanish Succession War as it affected the American colonies, and has described in detail the reactions of the London press and stage to the four sachems. However, despite a sprightly style—occasionally overloaded by such archaisms as "forspent" and "belike"—Professor Bond has, as he cheerfully recognises, only been able to make a slim volume out of his material. Perhaps there is room for such, in history as in poetry—especially if they can be as well printed and illustrated as this one.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,173

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word extract from a private log kept by any one of the following:—Conrad on his first voyage as master, Henry James on his first crossing to Europe, Christopher Isherwood on his first trip to Hamburg, Somerset Maugham on his first visit to the South Seas, or Palinurus on his first luxury cruise to the Mediterranean. Entries by August 26th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,170

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a 6-line epigram on Man by any fish, beast or reptile.

Report by Naomi Lewis

Epigrammatic Man inclines, on the whole, to insult the creatures of which he makes most use. The offender, as they say, does not forgive. Contrast his glozing references to (for example) insects, particularly those which, like ant and fly, refuse to be either pets or providers! Could anything be more *slavish* than the tributes these have had from divines such as Watts or the author of *Proverbs?*

Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still

the former (not a competitor) actually wrote. It was interesting to find, in this competition, that the epigrammatic beast followed the same psychological compulsion; the more abused the creature, the less vituperative—perhaps the less aware? The winning entry should, on this point, be carefully studied. Thus, Snake was far more critical than Ox or Ass: "*We* only creep because we *must*." (L. G. Udall). Horse was quite remarkably silent, though Lemming, Chameleon, Mandrill all had a cynical word to offer. The best epigrams reflected not only the speaker and the spoken of, but their unique relationship; they also indicated that the eternal truth, nicely expressed, produces a neater effect, even, than the clever pun. Two guineas, then, to John Wardroper, one each to Appletree and Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, and 10*s.* 6*d.* each to J. P. Stevenson, Robert Hughes, Robert Gaffikin and Alwyn Lee. Some runners-up are printed; others came from R. Hemington, S. Anthony, Nancy Gurney, Joyce Johnson, Jean Stubbs.

LABORATORY RAT

Mother said Man (the Father) is surely good,
Although omnipotent. If evil, would
He give compliant rats rewards of cheese?
It's for our good he grants us little peace.
His plagues strike innocent rats to warn us. Do
The will of Man. True bliss is in breeding true.

JOHN WARDROPER

WORM

"Even a worm will turn!" he, sneering, says.
Indeed? Then even I may turn—a phrase.
He scratches on the soil with spade and plough;
I turn it for him, silently, below:
And wait until his mould of man be cast
To turn that also—into mould—at last.

APPLETREE

DOG

Master is very kind,
To all my failings blind
No nose—but in his eye
Something better than liver
That makes me long to lie
Licking his feet for ever.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

SERPENT

I, when I showed him the forbidden tree,
Supposed his worsening would better me;
How could I know his restless long pursuit
Would find another tree, whose dying Fruit

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

One of to-day's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are ambitiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

London University Degrees are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass their examinations (but, if you have passed certain preliminary examinations. You may study for these at home and in your own time, wherever you are.

Wolsey Hall Postal Courses for the above examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. These Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of all difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued free. Fees are reasonable, and may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 16,000 Successes at London University examinations, 1925-51.

Write for PROSPECTUS to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. V1024

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

YOUR pen can pay for your holiday!

New faces, new places, new experiences will provide exciting, novel and acceptable material for articles, stories and sketches. Why not let The London School of Journalism help you to produce sellable contributions? Founded by the leading newspaper proprietors, its expert tutors have put thousands of writers on the road to success. Why not you? Advice is free, fees are low. "Writing for the Press" post free from Prospectus Office:

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1
MUSeum 4574
"There are LSJ students all over the world"

Not the cheapest . . . but the best

The Line Throwing Pistol which made this rescue possible cost £43-0-0.

All lifeboats are equipped with this life saving device, which can project a line 150 yards.
Help to provide this safeguard by sending a contribution, however small, and so help to save life.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION
42 GROSVENOR GDNS. LONDON, S.W.1
The Duke of Montrose, K.T., C.B., C.V.O., V.D., Treasurer.
Col. A. D. Barstow Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A., Secretary.

Undoes his own undoing? Yet I must
For this remain where he began, in dust.

J. P. STEVENSON

CHICKEN

Man is a metaphysical
animal.
he still believes why
I
crossed the road
can t e showed.

ROBERT HUGHES

WHALE

"Man," said the whale with scornful grin,
"Is but a fool, I took one in.
Though little profit did accrue,
(He was, in fact, a wandering Jew;
I learnt," here grin gave way to frown,
"You cannot keep a good man down."

ROBERT GAFFIKIN

KANGAROO

Until accustomed to the view
Outside, the infant kangaroo
Is not brought squawling to invade
A bitter world he never made.
This fabian obstetric plan
I recommend to frantic man.

ALWYN LEE

CLAM

I speak for every boneless Clam
In Whitstable or Alabam;
What I may know of epigram
Man don't consider worth a dam:
Yet he, with all his built-up sham,
Was once the sort of fish I am.

JOHN THORNTON

DOG

Far-seeing Nature, anxious to restrain
The powerful Dog—who'd else usurp her reign—
Invented Man, whose purpose is to be
A useful check on canine liberty.
To him, who might be led, we dogs concede
The right to trail his masters on a lead.

EDWARD BLISHEN

CHESS: Troubles of a Study Composer

No. 150

I am not particularly anniversary-minded, but the nice round figures at the top of this column may provide as good an excuse as any for repeating the study competition attempted a year or two ago. It shall be open to anybody anywhere, and while in these days of ever faster airmail even antipodal competitors do not require special consideration I will still give ample time by setting the final date for entries to reach the office as late as October 6. There is no limit to the number of pieces any competitor may enter, provided of course they have not been previously published. Prizes—as usual, in the form of chessbook tokens—are three and two guineas, and one guinea will be paid for any third or further entry too good not to be printed.

Since readers of this column have spotted "cooks" and other blemishes in prizewinners by Korolkov and other celebrities the pitfalls of study-composition need not be emphasized to them; nor will they be surprised to learn that three years ago, in a Czech study competition devoted to the memory of Richard Reti, both the 1st- and 2nd-prize winners had to be disqualified. Diagram I shows that ingeniously conceived study by M. Havel—White to win. I am not surprised that the Jury was so impressed by the author's solution as to be unanimous in earmarking the piece for 1st prize. (1) K-R3, P-K7. (2) B-R4, K-K6. (3) B-K1, P-Q6. (4) K-Kt3, P-Q7. (5) B-B2 mate. If (1) . . . . K-K7. (2) K-Kt2, P-Q6. (3) B-R5 ch, K-K8. (4) B x P, P-Q7. (5) B-B2 mate. If (1) . . . . K-B7. (2) B-Q3, P-K7. (3) B-Kt5, P-Q6. (4) B-R4 ch, K-K6. (5) K-Kt2, P-Q7. (6) B-B2 ch etc. But further scrutiny of the author's solution revealed

alternative solutions in the 2nd as well as in the 3rd variation. In the 2nd like this. (2) B-R5, ch K-B1. (3) B-K8! P-K7. (4) B-Kt5, K-B7. (5) B-R4 ch, K-K6. (6) B-K1, P-Q6. (7) K-Kt3, P-Q7. (8) B-B2 ch etc. In the 3rd variation the flaw is this alternative. (2) B-R4 ch, K-K7. (3) K-Kt2, P-Q6. (4) B-R5 ch, K-Q7. (5) B-Kt5, K-B7. (6) K-B1, P-Q7. (7) B-Kt6 ch etc. I have merely quoted the main variations in the author's solution as well as in the refutation. There is a good deal more to it which readers will see for themselves. Diagram II—White to win—is a study by W. Halberstadt which had been earmarked for 2nd prize by the same Jury. Of course, the obvious (1) Kt-B6 is refuted by (1) Kt-Kt5. (2) Kt x Kt, K-B2. So the key-move is P-K7; and after (1) . . . . Kt-Kt5. (2) K-Kt5! P-R4. (3) K-R4! K-R2 the author's idea was to reach the winning position by this subtle tempo-struggle. (4) K-Kt3, K-Kt1. (5) K-R3, K-R2. (6) K-R4, K-Kt1. (7) K-Kt5, K-R2. (8) Kt-Q6! Kt-B3. (9) K x P, K-Kt1. (10) Kt-K4, Kt-K1. (11) K-Kt6 etc. All this is very ingenious, but alas—as the Jury found out in time—the same object can be achieved rather more simply and quickly by (4) Kt-Q6! Kt-B3. (5) K x P etc. Hence, this pretty piece too had to fall by the wayside, and a piece by the same author, originally earmarked for 3rd prize, was automatically promoted to the top. Here it is, fittingly to open this week's competition. It is not particularly difficult, but may well be worth 6 points. White to draw. As for **B**, our crack-competitors will probably consider it vastly overrated with 5 points. So it is, but from now on every competition is to contain at least one piece catering for beginners. This one is an instructive game position in which Black, on the move, forced a draw very neatly, even if somewhat obviously. Finally, considering that a Korolkov study has, more than once, come to grief in this column, it seems only fair to exonerate that great composer before the same critical forum. **C**—White to win—is a very witty piece; if I am to rate it a mere 7 points I had better give a very broad hint by reminding competitors of an article published in the very early days of this column and entitled: "His Majesty Steps Out."

A: Halberstadt 1949

B: Busch 1948

C: V. Korolkov 1948

Usual prizes. Entries by August 25.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 26

A: (1) K-Kt2! Q x R. (2) Q-QKt3, K-K5. (3) Q-KB3 ch, Q x Q mate
The hallucination mentioned was (1) Q-R2?, P-Q6. (2) Q-Kt4, Q x R. (3) Q-B3 ch, but Black needn't take the Q, he can play Q-K5.

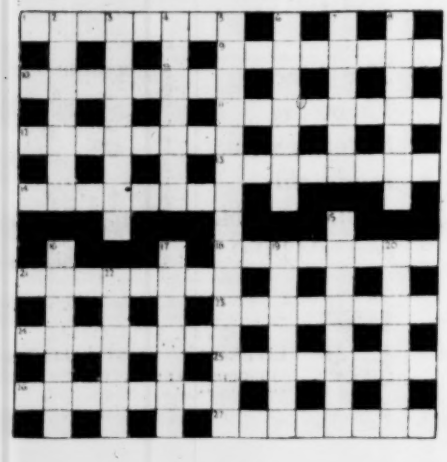
B: (1) B-B5 ch, K-R7. (2) B-K6 ch, K-Kt8. (3) Q-Q3 ch+, K-B8. (4) Q-QB4 ch! K-Q7. (5) Q-B3 ch, K-K7. (6) Q-K3 ch, with two respective echo mates by the B to follow.
If (4) . . . K-Q8. (5) B-Kt4 ch etc.

C: (1) B-B6! Kt x B. (2) R x P, P queens. (3) R-R4 ch, K-Kt1. (4) R-Kt4 ch etc.
If (1) . . . P queens. (2) B-Q4 ch etc.

Not surprisingly, several competitors fell for the very hallucination mentioned in **A**, and quite a few were completely baffled by this piece. In **B** I gave full marks to some alternative lines all of which, significantly, have this in common that, at some time or other, the Q has to check at QB4. Prizes shared by L. J. Jackson, C. J. Morse, J. E. Pattle, P. B. Sarson, J. C. Waldron. But scarcely less worthy entries came from E. Allan, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider, W. Stead.

ASSTAC

Week-end Crossword No. 9



ACROSS

1. Old Peking (8).
9. Hot plain (anag.) (8).
10. Spoons in act of entering into an engagement on another's behalf (8).
11. Novel family with a bob for drinks (8).
12. If he changes character, a Tory ails (8).
13. I break the soil and nothing turns up in it. What a place! (8).
14. After a novel angel (8).
18. Thanks to madness we have a place in Australia (8).
21. Town which is down at heel (8).
23. Where an initial change might bring catastrophe (8).
24. A Welshman is no different from a backward Scot with a muddled brain (8).
25. He might appear in camera (8).
26. The chief reorganizes the clan raid (8).
27. Whereby one can see the servants back pursued by a girl (8).

DOWN

2. A speed or a vessel (7)
3. The musicians are unlike the modern Pan (8).
4. To idle outside here in France is not to leave it to the experts (7).
5. Walks (15).
6. Ballet heroine (7).
7. He was undoubtedly a help on for late travellers (6).
8. It is a change for a cinema to appear lacking in blood (7).
15. This ape seems to show human discipline (8).
16. A sad return underarm (7).
17. Do these belong to the Commonwealth (7).
19. Company which would not recognize a 22 (7).
20. The ancestor of these Greeks was a temple servant (7).
22. Apparently he is a ghost (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 8

P	A	L	T	R	Y	■	A	L	L	F	O	U	R	S
A	■	E	■	O	■	O	■	A	■	R	■	L	■	I
R	I	G	O	U	R	S	■	M	A	E	S	T	E	G
T	■	A	■	T	■	C	■	P	■	E	■	■	■	N
N	I	L	E	■	W	A	T	E	R	B	O	R	N	E
E	■	T	■	C	■	R	■	T	■	O	■	O	■	T
R	H	E	T	O	R	■	D	E	C	O	R	U	M	■
S	■	N	■	L	■	M	■	R	■	T	■	N	■	R
■	A	D	R	E	N	A	L	■	B	E	A	D	L	E
I	■	E	■	P	■	R	■	P	■	R	■	R	■	D
G	O	R	G	O	N	Z	O	L	A	■	B	O	N	D
L	■	■	■	R	■	I	■	U	■	U	■	B	■	I
O	V	E	R	T	O	P	■	M	A	R	X	I	S	T
O	■	T	■	E	■	A	■	S	■	D	■	N	■	C
S	P	A	R	R	I	N	G	■	P	U	T	S	C	H

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 *inclusive or a woman aged* 18-59 *inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order*, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. A Staff Tutor in Philosophy will probably be appointed, to begin duties in October. Salary in Grade III or Grade II according to qualifications and experience. For further particulars apply to the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3. C. G. Burton, Secretary, The University, Birmingham, 3.

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Research Assistant. Knowledge of economics and the Labour Movement, and drafting ability essential. Salary £450 to £650. Application forms, to be returned with specimens of written work, not later than August 30, 1952, from Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

WELL-known firm of letterpress and lithographic printers have a vacancy on their London staff for a man approx. between 28 and 40 to sell high class printing and design. Contact with customers is based on trust and reliability and no high pressure sales policy is followed. Essential qualifications for this post are integrity, thorough knowledge of printing and appreciation of good design. A certain amount of training will be given. The position is full of interest and, if approached with enthusiasm, has great possibilities. Applications will be treated in strictest confidence. Box 2865.

FREE accommodation and social work training with children for one year offered by Bernhard Baron Settlement in exchange for full-time services. Apply Deputy Warden, 33 Berner Street, E.1.

YOUTH Organiser required to develop Co-operative activities among children and adolescents in the society's area. Previous experience of similar work and knowledge of the Co-operative Movement essential. Minimum salary £450 per annum. Further information and application form, which must be returned by September 1, 1952, may be obtained from the Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

BRITISH Committee of World University Service requires temporary London Secretary to co-ordinate work of organisation in London colleges during winter months. Details of duties obtainable from W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oakhill Park, N.W.3, wants a teacher of Mathematics and Geography for September 23. Games a recommendation. Letters only until Sept. 12.

REQUIRED Sept. qualified junior teacher, resident, for small progressive school just opened near Sevenoaks. Kent Burnham Scale salary. Prospects for teacher with initiative and ideas in building up the school. Write: Box 2867.

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typists reqd. by progressive, rapidly expanding Chemical Manufacturing Company, situated in West Cumberland within easy reach of the most attractive Dales of the Lake District. Applicants must be well educated and possess good secretarial experience. Commencing salaries according to age and qualifications. Please write stating age and full particulars to Personnel Officer, Box 2652.

SHORTHAND Typist, experienced, required by National Marriage Guidance Council. Hours 9-5 and every third Saturday morning. Starting salary £5 10s. p.w. Optional Superannuation. Apply Office Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke Street, W.1.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts in London. Permanent, up to £8, temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for confidential work. Hours 9.30 to 5.30 Monday to Friday. Salary £6 per week. Apply in writing to The Family Discussion Bureau, 4 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1.

TWINS, 1 yr., need expd. person, to help generally. No cleaning. £3 10s. Cen. htd. labour-savg. house nr. Tube. HAM. 3817.

COOK required in September for vegetarian co-educ. school. Aga cooker. Box 2944.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

THEATRE worker (32), in view of present state of the profession, sks. other possibilities. Assets: tenacity & good response to difficult situations; an intelligent pr. of hands; an interrupted Univ. educ. Accustomed to executive responsibility. Box 2801.

BOOKSELLER (m), 11 years exp., hard-working, academic and generally wide knowledge, seeks interesting post. Box 2887.

MAN will caretake either person or property. Remoteness no object. Unusual integrity, versatile. Salary. Box 2972.

EXPD. Sh./Typ. reqs. interesting permanent post 3 days weekly. MEA. 1333.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—*continued*

COMPETENT young woman, 29, cheerful, graduate, seeks post abroad. Box 2900.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Jersey herd. Reserve now for September, October and November, when surf-bathing excellent, and "Indian Summer" weather lovely. Golf St. Enodoc. Trout, salmon. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Lundy Bay, Port Quin, Port Gaverne. Under personal supervision Commander & Mrs. Bannerman. Excel. cuisine, all comforts gtd. Port Isaac 234.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards. Table Tennis. Licensed. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Good food, sunny rooms, modern house, large garden, peaceful surroudgs. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

LAKES. Charm. old mansion. Mod. terms, Mod. conv. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 334.

RYE. The Hope Anchor Hotel. A.A. approved, licensed. Perfect setting for Summer and Autumn holidays. Rye 2216.

SIMPLE accom., friendly people, quiet Pennine valley; bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. From 5½gns. Roberts, Wheat Irg Farm, Hebden Bridge.

PARIS: One week £10 or ten days £14, absolutely inclusive room, meals, service and tax. Also rooms with breakfast from 10s. inclusive. Hotel Tournefort (Directors G. Levage and T. Stafford), 24 Rue Tournefort, Paris, 5. (Latin Quarter.)

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach of Eastbourne. Comfy beds. Good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Telephone: Horeham Rd. 32.

EDINBURGH, West End, Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Pl., 3. CEN. 4871.

SOCIALIST hotel for Socialist guests, "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea. Tel. Hastings 4571.

WEEKENDERS want it, Fortnighters too; Droppers-in want it—so do you! Little Guide to Village Inns & Farms, 2s. 6d. post 2d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea, h. & c. bedrms. Farm produce. Excel. food. Mod. terms.

NEAR Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans, charming modern Guest House in lovely country; London 24 miles. Telephone Jordans 2155.

YOUNG journalist gladly recommends charming cottage Atlantic coast as ideal holiday home. Good food, hot water & comfort. 1 mile sea. Few vacancies, write: Olive Stenson-Stenson, Trehaverock, St. Endellion, Bodmin, N. Cornwall.

WHITSTABLE, Kent. Fiveways Hotel, Tankerton (licensed). Abundant food, first-rate cooking. Beautifully situated in large private grounds, near sea. Easy reach Canterbury. A.A. approved. Whitstable 3243.

OSTEND. English Hotel, near Beach, Lido, Kursaal. 21s. per day, late Aug. 18s. Sept. Excellent food. Comf., recommended. Hotel Nelson, Deschamps, 164 Rue Claude Lorrain.

AUTUMN Holiday in Scotland. Brook Linn Vegetarian Guest House, Callander, Trossachs 8 m. 41/7gns. Tel. Callander 101.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's unique hotel where you find lovely food, every comfort and informal atmosphere. Sharpthorne 17.

FOR Peace and Quiet in lovely surroundings stay at Farringford in the Isle of Wight. Enjoy brisk sea air, wonderful scenery and perfect service at Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.O.W. Phone 312. Details: Manager.

PAYING guests welcomed modernised farmhouse, ideally situated Wenlock Edge. Terms on application. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Shropshire.

NATURIST Sun-bathing Hols. In sunny Devon, at Britain's best Sun-Club. Full facils. & mod. cons.; nudist sun & air bathing. Write (enc. 1s.) for brochure, Sec. (C), N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon. The "Sunbather" magazine, 1s. 6d., post free.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful mountain valley. Continental cooking. From 6½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

SOMERSET. Cossington Guest House, Nr. Bridgwater. Easy access to sea, golf, fishing. Excellent cooking. Slumberland bedding. Garage Accommodation. Terms 5½gns.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House. The Heads, offers varied meals, comf. & friendly atmosphere mid glorious lake & mountain scenery. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

SMALL, modern hotel, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

COMF. rooms (mod. convs.) & breakfast, village betwn. Sevenoaks/Maidstone. 2gns. a wk. Mrs. Dalziel, Grevcot, Offham, Kent.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Drying facilities, hot baths, good food. £4 17s. 6d. p.w. Alpine clothing & equipment & expert guidance available. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

LONDON Hotels? Use HOTAC, the time and money-saving Hotel Accom. Service, 93 Baker St., London, W.1. WEL. 2555.

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 700 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in "The Good Food Guide 1952/53." Entirely revised and much enlarged but still 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrews Hill, E.C.4.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TO let, end August, well-furn. house, 3 bedrooms, sitting-room, kit., usual offices, in quiet road 3 mins. from bus route, 5 mins. from Golders Green Stn.; comfortable beds with blankets; no linen or crockery provided; gas-fires all rooms; suitable professional family, 7½gns. per week, or for two married couples sharing kit., bathroom—upper rooms 4½gns., lower rooms 3½gns. Box 2890.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms. with board, reasonable.

NR. Hampstead Tube Stn. Free end Sept. Large part-furn. bed-sitt., use k., b., tel. 3½gns. inc. Ham. 3706 evgs. or Box 2955.

FINCHLEY Road. Attractive room, 2 divans, gas-cooker. C.h.w., bath. Bed-linen, crockery supplied. 15 mins. West End. Two sharing, 3gns p.w. Box 2977.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Meals optional.

ATTRAC. lge. furn. rm., mod. convs., 1st floor, priv. flat Hampstead. PRI. 1562.

SUMMER in London. Good-sized, quiet, sunny old-St. Pancras studio room, pleasant view on Pack, simply furnished, bath-kitchen, 'phone, library. Friendly cat to feed. From now—definitely till Oct. 1st (or 15th), £2 weekly (or near). 18 Regent Sq., W.C.1. Ring Terminus 5195, 7.30-9.30 a.m.

STUART House, 57 Hatcourt Tce., S.W.10. Interior-sprung divans, H. & C., elec. fires, excel. bkfast., 15s. nightly—permant. from 3gns. Owner manager. FRE. 2357.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

SUNNY lge. B/S. Edgst. Meals opt. Quiet mod. hse. 25 mn. W End. GLA. 7297.

DIVAN room, use kitchen, bathroom. Suit business girl/student. BRI. 7064.

SOUTHGATE: to let furn. bed. s.c. Bath, cook. fac., nr. bus tube. Box 2941.

W.1. Sm. furn. bedrm., newly dec., H. & C., gas fire, meter, use kit., bath & tel. Suit. yng. prof. woman/studt. WEL. 8813.

MODERN bed-sitting room, cooking facilities, especially suitable for female West Kensington area. Box 2906.

YOUNG professional woman offers share fully furn. completely equipped mod. s/c flat, Regents Park. 5½gns. Box 2968.

FURN. room avail., use kit., garden, for woman & small child. Mutual baby-sitting. Poss. share pt.-time nurse. Box 2791.

HOLIDAY flat to let furnished from Sept. 13. Scarborough. Box 2882.

HOUSE to let. Holidays Co. Galway. Mnths. Sea. Winter Summer. Box 2853.

RYE, Sussex. Tiny furnished cottage to let 6 months from September 22. 2½gns. per week. St. John's House, N.W.8.

YNG. married architect desp. needs unfurn. s/c flat Lond. area. Reas. Box 2847.

YOUNG couple, professional artists (not Bohemian), sk. flat, furn. unfurn., London. Mod. rent, would decorate. Box 2917.

WANTED: Flat, furnished or partially. 2 kit., bathroom (would share). Telephone or use of. Mid-end Sept., year or longer. Mother, daughter; own linen, blankets, cutlery, crockery, kit. equipment. £3 10s./£4 wkly. Central. Box 2780.

EDUCATED couple req. unfurnished accom. London area. Max 35s. Box 2788.

TWO New Zealanders require self-contained furnished flat in or near London. Write Miss Wilson, 1 Ladbroke Sq., W.11.

YOUNG female Commercial Artist requires urgently spacious, light accommodation, furnished, or partly so. Central London. Telephone essential. Duthy, GUL. 3034.

JEWISH Law Student (male, 21 years) wishes to live as family in superior household from August 23 to November 10. Convenient to Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Refs. exchanged. Myers, 168 Kingsway, Gatley, Cheshire.

IMPECUNIOUS doctor working for higher degree needs small s/c furn. flat pref. with phone for long let fr. Oct. Box 2888.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FOR Sale, Lease, furniture & fittings of charming old windmill, Chilterns, including furn. flat let at 3½gns. weekly. All mod. cons. Tel. Gdn. Garage. £1,750. Box 2857.

NEAR Brighton, small, attractive brick bungalow, every modern amenity. Rural. Lovely view Channel and Downs. ¼ acre. Freehold £2,550. Box 2940.

PENN in lovely Chilterns. Mod. house in private road. Convenient schools, buses. Quick service London. 2 rec., 4 beds., 2 bath, kitch., etc. Garage. 1½ acres secluded flowered garden, orchard and woodland. All fruits. Ideal children. Freehold nearest £4,000. Vac. possn. "Brumana," St. John's Ave., Penn.

MISCELLANEOUS

COME to the Kynance Gallery for contemporary pottery, paintings and lamps at moderate prices, 1 Kynance Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7. Monday-Saturday, 10-6.

IRVING Theatre Club, Leicester Square, rendezvous for Players and Playgoers. Regular seasons of Intimate Plays and Revues. Licensed till midnight. Food Counter. Annual subscr.: full members, 21s.; theatre members, 5s.; members of Equity, 10s 6d. Apply 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHItehall 3678.

WALKERS. Why not ramble with Progressive Groups? Send for programme. Metro Rambling Club. Box 2724. Phone Tudor 7258 for next Sunday.

THE Continental Club for conversation and lectures in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m., 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

BEST Lancashire make. White Cotton Sheets (a) 54in. × 90in., 11s. each; (b) 70in. × 100in., 19s. each. Pillow Slips, Housewife Style, 20in. × 30in., 6 for 16s. 6d. Pure Irish Linen Glass Cloths with coloured borders, hemmed and lettered, 20in. × 30in., 6 for 10s. 6d., 12 for 31s. 6d. Striped Ticking, Waved, Featherproof, 36in. wide, 7s. 6d. yd. All Orders Post and Packing 1s. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 141), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 1901.

CONTACT Lenses. Wear these wonder lenses while you pay for them. Choose your own Practitioner. Details from The Contact Lens Fitance Co., 4 (NS) Reece Mews, South Kensington, S.W.7.

BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry, and White List of furs humanely obtained. Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.23 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 10gns., K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior Schools 18gns.

ESTABLISHED Girls' Boarding School in lovely country 44 miles south of London offers one or two girls specially reduced fees of £38 per term. Box 2850.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge. Co-Educational, 5-18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Gusseness, B.A., Karin Guinness (Dalcrone), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4106. Elizabeth Paul.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Cheendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St., W.1. Regent 2805. Founded 1901.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Fues. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol 8473.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "In Chancery." Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY. Bus. 5191. "Mild & Bitter." Weds.-Suns.: 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 7.30 (ex. Mon.). Sun 6.0. "The Swedenalcims" by Hialmar Bergman, trans. by Clifford Gray. Mems. 5s.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.: 10.30, Sun. 9.0. "Just Lately," an intimate late-night Revue. Membership 5s. yearly.

CHEPSTOW. 18 Chepstow Villas, W.11. The Club with a Continental atmosphere. "Chepstow Roundabout," with G. Grant, Helene Kitay, L. & E. Berk, Pamela Manson, Carmen Mochan. Thurs.-Sat. 9.15, Sn. 8.15. Mems. 2s. 6d. Ad. 2c. BAY. 8167.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 1331. Sun. Aug. 17, 7.30. "No Peace Among the Olives" (A).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sunday excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 20. Tkts., 4s. to 8s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents; 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,600 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s., available nightly at doors only.

SUNDAY August 17 at 7.45 p.m. Make new friends at International Y.M. Centre Social, 11 Chelsea Embankment (W. African Students Union) facing Festival Gdns. 2s.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club. Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue with Supplement 6d. post free.

TWENTIETH Century Masterpieces. Arts Council Exhibition, The Tate Gallery. Open till August 17, Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Full display of Regency furniture, gold plate & historical relics. 10-7 daily including Sundays.

MARLBOROUGH. 17/18 Old Bond St. Contemporary French Primitives, Vivin, Bombois, Bauchant &c. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Review of Works by Gallery Artists.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, Hunterian Collection lent by the University, Glasgow. Adm. free. Wkdys. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Undergd.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition, English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes August 31.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

YOUNG Painters of the Ecole de Paris. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till August 16. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs 10-8. Adm. 1s.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Art of Ancient America. Daily 10-5.

ICA Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. "The Old & the New in South-East Asia." Photographs by Derrick Knight. 2 p.m. Aug. 18-30. Dly. 10-6. Sun. 2-6. Adm. Free.

GRAHAM Robertson and Others. Retrospective Exhibition until Aug. 30 at Ivy Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. W.C.2.

CONTEMPORARY Colour Lithography from Cincinnati Art Museum. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Sept. 10. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

INDIAN Independence. August 15, 1952. Fifth Anniversary. Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, 8 p.m. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Speakers: Lord Listowel, V. K. Krishna Menon. Prog. of Indian songs and music. Adm. free, res. 2s. 6d. The Indra League, 47 Strand, W.C.2.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Place of Britain in the Modern World," by Robert Carr, M.P. (Private Parliamentary Secretary to Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden). Thursday, August 21, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. August 17: "Theosophy's Teaching on Karma."

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. August 23 at 6 p.m. M. Jean Bacon: "Le théâtre de Jean Anouilh."

HAROLD Laski Memorial Record. A few copies of 12-inch feature recording—H. N. Brailsford, Lord Chorley, Jim Griffiths, Kitty Muir, Howard K. Smith and others—available for 15s. donation to Laski Society. Records from Hon. Sec., 85 Hundside Lane, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WORLD Convention of Religions on the Foundations of Peace at 51 Lancaster Gate, W.2, August 25 to 31, evening and morning sessions, 7.30 p.m. and 11 a.m. Representatives of six religions and others will speak. Programme from Sec. (same address).

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Prog. of residential week-end courses from Secretary.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1 (nr. Russell Sq.). Special three weeks Intensive and Practical Course in Spoken Russian, Sept. 1-19. Classes Monday to Friday, 6.30-8.00. For Beginners and Students of all grades. Fee 2gns. For parties, apply to Secretary. Tel.: HOL. 6770. Normal Autumn Term begins Sept. 29.

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent Street, W.1. School of Commerce. The Evening School provides courses of study for men and women employed in Commerce. Students may prepare for any of the following: (1) Professional Examinations in Banking, Accountancy, Cost Accountancy, Company Secretarial work, Exporting, and Sales Management. (2) Preliminary B.Sc. (Econ.), Lond. (3) Final B.Com. and Final B.Sc. (Econ.), Lond. (4) Diploma in Public Administration, Lond. (5) University Extension Diploma in Economics. (6) Local Government Clerical and Administrative Examinations. (7) Royal Statistical Society and Association of Incorporated Statisticians Examinations. Session 1952-3 commences on Monday, September 22. New students will be enrolled between 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. on September 15. (Former students, Sept. 9 and 10, 5.0-7.30 p.m.) Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the undersigned. J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance requirements, Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ord. and Adv.), London, Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGHAM Secretarial College provides comprehensive secretarial and finishing courses with languages and current affairs. Resident and day students; canteen. Interesting posts found after Diploma. Early vacancies. Autumn courses now enrolling. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven St., Park Lane, W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 2904/5.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 4640-3805. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes; by private lessons; beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Nationals. 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel.: Gerrard 8511-2. Intensive daily classes and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificates, short or long Courses; enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 1493.

ALL Modern Languages at Language Centre, Gayton Rd., Hampstead. Speciality English for foreigners. Experienced teachers, moderate fees. HAM. 9097.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Park 4465. Open throughout the summer for beginners and refresher courses.

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools: Aug. 16-23: Kingsgate College, Broadstairs. 23-30: Frensham Heights, Farnham. Particulars from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

DUPLICATING typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please write Box 2474 or tel. BAY. 1786.

DUPLICATING Typing by experts. Dictation separate office. Confidential. Miss Stone, 447 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. Bar 5984.

DUPLCTG Typg. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765 MOU. 1701.

TYPING, etc.—continued

HAZEL Porteous offers prompt, personal and efficient Typewriting Service. MSS., Short Stories, Plays, Theses, etc. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe. Telephone 390.

AUTHORS' MSS., Scripts, Theses carefully typed. Business documents copied. Mrs. Taylor, 34 Peel St., W.8. PARk 5504.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., etc. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

MRS. Archer for MSS., Secretarial Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 5230.

DUPLICATING, typing, express service, office staff supplied. Southern Secretarial Agency, 69, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. ABB. 1511/2.

LENA Dawson will carry out your occasional secretarial work with efficiency. Own typewriter. Complete knowledge of accounts, etc. BOW. 4517.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

PERSONAL

GREEK girl, 22, fluent English, seeks post with family London area. Box 2886.

INFIRM married couple reqg. not nursing though frequent attention, sk. inexpensive holiday home, any fortnight Sept. 60-mile rad. from Lond., seaside pref. Box 2881.

ARTISTS' Soho Studio open for lessons in painting. Sympathetic analyses and criticisms given of your work in stimulating professional atmosphere. Box 2689.

FREE bed & breakfast aboard boat, week-ends (or longer), in return for assistance in scraping, painting, etc. Moored near Southampton. Facilities: swimming, sailing. Suit cyclists, hikers, sailing enthusiasts. Box No. 1 G.W. Harwood Press Advertising Ltd., 47-49 West Street, Harrow, Middx.

CORNWALL. Long let, Tamar Valley, 5 acre market garden smallholding in first-class heart. 4-roomed house, bath, kitchen, large greenhouse, 'phone. Market stall Plymouth. Extra grazing available. Box 2756.

FINHAUT. Beautiful Swiss mountain village. Superb scenery, good hotels. Priv. party leaving London Sept. 12. Kindly write C. Rackett, Hurn Court, Christchurch, Hants.

GIRLS, British and French can meet for practice in conversation; seaside house-party, Hants., July 26-Sept. 6. £5 p.w. 9 Beauchamp Place, London, S.W.3. Ken. 9661.

MARRIED couple going to Lake Garda in d. h. coupé Sept. 15-30 approx. seek 1/2 compans., share exps. Meet Dover. Box 2985.

YNG. man travelling Spain 2-3 wks. Sept. seeks companion/s. (m.). Box 2939.

GENTLEMAN, 36, touring Scotland by car desires comps. (m.). Leave Manchester Aug. 23. Will pay all car exps. Box 2879.

MAJORCA.—Winter guests with creative pursuits welcome; 16 guineas per month; Mrs. Friend, 9 Oakley Street, London, S.W.3.

GUITAR lessons. Technique, Theory, Harmony. Few vacs. Chessholme. FLA. 4354.

LAST minute Continental Holidays, not arranged for the masses but individually for you. 10 days in Spain from £26 19s. 6d. Italy £25 19s. 6d. France £18 10s. 6d. 7 days in Paris from £13 15s. Business & Holidays Travel Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. WHitehall 4114/5.

SPAIN Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1. Barcelona, Costa Brava, Sitges, 15 days' holiday in the sun. Unhandled and informal though accompanied. £10 currency allowance taken. Send your dates and get brochure.

REMEDIAL Relaxation with physiotherapy for muscle control, anxiety and rejuvenation. A 7-day intensive residential regime with Vernon Symonds is a practical course in self-help and recovery. Folder: "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

WELL-KNOWN Artists' Agents wish to represent established and new writers of long and short fiction, non-fiction and specialised material. Artist Partners Ltd. (Literary Section), 9 Lower John St., London, W.1. GERrard 1157.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 21d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D 191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

NERVE-Stimulating therapy for tired nerves. Massage, Manipulation, Osteopathy. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Wel. 9500. Ask for brochure.

IMPECUNIOUS but aesthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

PERSONAL—continued

PENGUIN "Othello" copies urg. reqd. by Century Theatre, Hoxton, Lewes.

LAST Minute Continental Holidays smoothly and expeditiously arranged by air or surface routes. For urgent bookings ring or call if possible; for brochure of suggestions write to Dept. NS, Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1.

AUGUST Holiday? You are still in time to join our Swiss mountain holiday August 22, our Austrian lakeside or Spanish party August 30, or Sussex house party August 23. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 9225.

CORSICA is ideal for a late holiday, for September there is still the height of summer and the weather is guaranteed. London-Corsica by air and 14 days at the Camp de l'Horizon on the lovely Bay of Calvi for £39 10s. all-inclusive. Apply for illustrated brochure to Horizon Holidays Limited, 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

SPANISH Guitar tuition in Segovia method by Len Williams. Classical Flamenco/Spanish music. Solo or voice accomp. Courses for beginners. Free booklet. Spanish Guitar Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

IF you wish to distribute advertising gifts at Christmas or on any other occasion please inspect our large range. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue N.4 Richard Hochfeld (London), Ltd., 28 Archway Rd., N.19.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd. food counter. Meetings, socials, Dgns. evg. WHI. 1678.

AUTUMN Holidays on the Canals. Vacancies from Sept. 6. Leaflet from Waterborne Tours, BCM/Canals, London, W.C.1.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £50.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS. Psychologist, 6a Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

PROBLEM Plays reqd. by Irving Theatre Reading fee 10s. 6d. 17 Irving St., W.C.2.

EXPRESS Yourself in saleable writing. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free NI "Know How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17 Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Ashwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

ROOMS expertly decorated from £3. Also inexpensive redecorating. Pre. 0312.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0820.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

NIMBUS, the 3rd issue of this Quarterly of New Writing, is now obtainable at 1s. 6d. from any Bookseller or from Sales Manager, 3 Warwick Gardens, London, W.14.

"BIRD Migrants" by Eric Simms (Cleaver Hume Press). Correct price 15s.

BOOKS, Rare and Scholarly. Lists weekly, free. J. Stevens Cox, Antiquarian Bookseller, Ilchester, Yeovil.

WANTED to buy, Books on Theology, Philosophy, Psychology, History. Countryside Libraries, Ltd., Hitchin, Herts.

ENJOY "Rule Health" for 1 year for 8s. ($1.50). Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

CRITICISM. Art; Theatre; Philosophy; Politics; Collecting; always wanted. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 28a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Bucher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN Literature and sold. Continental Book Supply, 38A Whitechurch Lane, E.1. MOU. 1482 by appointment only.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Keesing's Volume VIII. Original Leat sketches, 5s. to £1. Linguaphone full instruction sets, German, Chinese, Esperanto with stand—what offers?; Portable Sterling Corona Typewriter, French accents, excellent condition, £15; H.M.V. A.C. D.C. portable Wireless, 1947 model, perfect condition, £12; Rolleiflex Tessar f/3.5 automatic, built-in self-timer, £70; Carpet, 8ft. 10in. × 10ft. 4in., £10; Thermionic "Soundmirror" recording machine, including 12 reels, telephone recording unit, all as new.

WANTED: History Denmark; Rosenberg; History Bobbsbury; Handbook Marksm.; Shotgun, hammer or hammerless; 26 in. Ladies' Bicycle, not Sports (London Surrey); Italian Linguaphone wanted in exchange for Spanish duto.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

More Classified Advertisements on Page 196

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office 1924. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.